YANK

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

5¢ AUG. 12, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 9
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

EUROPE AWAITS 2d FRONT

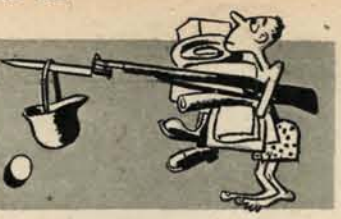
See Page 8

INVISIBLE MAN?

(He Wears an American Sniper Suit)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRICTLY G.I.



The boys at a South Seas base recently asked for $100 worth of five-and-dime jewelry, which they evidently want to exchange for pearls or something. They got it through the Welfare Enlisted Men Appropriation Fund which digs up stuff to send overseas.

Alaskan troops want condensed milk, which thirsty Eskimos will swap for furs. They get it, too. If you get new furniture in your day room it will come from the $800,000 they just slipped the WEMA, which also put over the new 15c admissions to post theaters.

The $800,000 will go partly for chairs and sofas and partly as cash to be used as your C.O. sees fit. WEMA will make polite recommendations, however, on what he should buy. They do not like day rooms full of slot machines.

In case you're interested in statistics, there are 516 post theaters in the U.S. Pretty soon there'll be 839, which will mean a lot of Rita Hayworth.

The Army's going in for correspondence courses which can be taken for high school and college credit. Whiskers pays half the tuition, which can't exceed $20. Ask your Special Service officer.

The Postmaster General has announced that election ballots can be mailed for free by soldiers.

Two hundred dogs, mostly German Shepherds and Dobermann Pinschers, are undergoing six months' training in New York City to teach them to guard Q.M. depots at night.

Army ground forces are going to supply pilots and grease monkeys for the F.A. "grasshopper" air force, the small, low-powered observation planes that have replaced balloons as artillery eyes. If you're anything from Pvt. to Capt. and have held a CAA rating as a private pilot you can get in as pilots and if you're below tech sgt. and know motors you can get in as a mechanic.

Two full battalions of dock-wallopers are in khaki, and two more are being formed. Their duty will be to aid in shipping operations in America and abroad, and even their officers have done a lot of heaving around on wharves.

The Russian efficiency with land mines is nothing new. According to a recently discovered old manuscript, they were blowing enemies up as far back as 1553.

All Army motor transportation is now centralized under the Chief of Ordnance, which lets the Q.M.C. out on the procurement and maintenance of vehicles.

It's O.K. for dames to write to you overseas, but Mame or Laura had better not go slapping kisses all over the paper for microfilm delivery. Apt to blur the writing, which makes it tough to photograph.

Pvt. Theodore Earl, who helped knock off a Jap plane at Dutch Harbor and who was slightly wounded by shrapnel during the bombing, is back home in Los Angeles. He's only 16, so they turned him out of the Army.

New York papers are carrying an ad that shrieks "Get The Job You Want In The Army! Pass High On The Induction Mental Test!" The ad is to sell a book that gives the test verbatim, including those damned blocks of wood.

Negro combat troops have reached Hawaii; 1500 artillerymen from Camp Ontario, N. Y.

Cuba has begun compulsory registration of all men. 200,000 are expected to be hooked for the Cuban Army.

The Commando C-46, huge new Army transport, is rolling off the assembly lines and getting ready to go. The Commando can take Umpty infantrymen, together with Jeeps, across the Atlantic in 9 hours. Commandos can also carry Artillery, tractors, trucks, aircraft engines, gasoline drums and other articles of war, including mess sergeants. See photos on page 12.

In one day Pvt. Louis Longval, of Fort Devens, Mass., took a 14 mile hike, ran an obstacle course, threw grenades, had bayonet practice, went swimming, practiced jiu jitsu and prepared for an inspection. Then he decided it was time to have fun. He walked six miles to town, danced all evening, and then hoofed it back to camp. The trouble with this Army is that it's too soft.

Billy Cullity, 17, just signed up as a naval recruit. His father was in the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Rebellion, the Mexican War of 1916, and the First World War. His grandfather was in the Civil War, great-grandfather in the War of 1812, and great-great-grandfather in the Revolution. Seems to run in the family.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THE NAVY

An Admiral's salary is only slightly more than the cost of firing one of a battleship's 16-inch guns.

To be promoted from Rear Admiral to Vice Admiral means a $300 yearly loss in pay but costs an extra $350 for new uniforms and braid. Don't say you weren't warned.

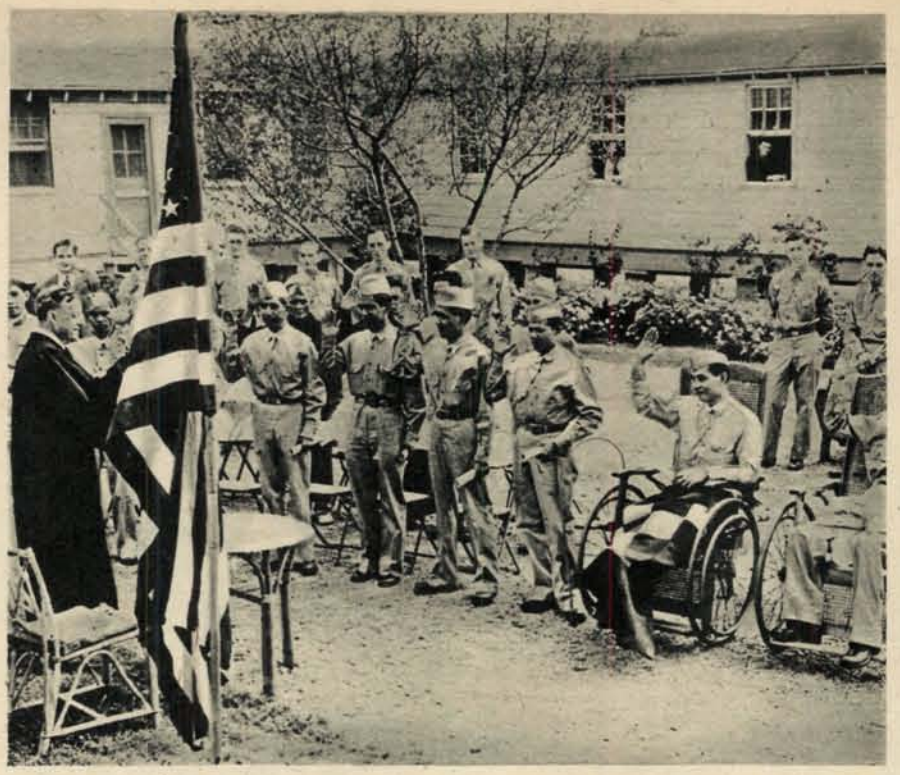
Navy Department specifications for the construction of a ship are so detailed that they even include the number of stitches to an inch taken in sewing a canvas gun cover.

One modern battleship has more fire power than Admiral Dewey's entire fleet in the Battle of Manila Bay.

Annapolis midshipmen are not allowed to ride in cars or cabs. Only thing they can use is an ambulance.

The silk kerchief worn by sailors is black in color because it was originally designed as a sweat rag and didn't show dirt wiped off.

A private up from the South on furlough, went into a New York City hotel for some honest-to-God chow. He was halfway through his puree mongole when a waiter approached him with a glittering object. "Beg pardon, sir," the waiter said, "but is this yours?" The glittering object was a General's star. The private fainted, right in his soup.



AMERICA IS GRATEFUL. Philippine scouts wounded during the fighting in their homeland are sworn in as citizens of the United States in ceremony at Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey. Judge Phillip Forman administers the oath.

From "Privacy" to "Majority" In 3 yrs.—But He's in Minority

FOSTER FIELD, Tex.—Fellow G.I.'s, it *can* be done.

From K.P. to oak leaves in ten easy lessons. From latrine detail to post commandant in less than three years. All you have to do is follow in the footsteps of Major Wade R. Cunningham, who enlisted as a buck private in 1939, and now is the commanding officer of the Aviation Cadet Detachment at Foster Field, Texas.

Of course, you can't just go out and do it cold. First, you have to have an impressive World War I record. It seems that Major Cunningham was one of that incongruous band of sailors who fought side by side with the Army in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, manning a 16-inch naval gun. Cunningham was wounded five times, and was decorated with the Order of the Purple Heart which, for a sailor, is almost a believe-it-or-not. After the war, he swept mines from the Black and Mediterranean Seas.

Secondly, Major Cunningham had the foresight to see what was coming. He gave up his Houston employment agency and enlisted in the 36th Tank Company in Texas, a few days after Hitler invaded Poland. He came up through the ranks, and by the time the National Guard was mustered into federal service on January 1, 1941, he had won his commission and was sporting "1st Lt." in front of his name. A month after Pearl Harbor he was transferred to the Air Force, and a few months after that, he became a captain.

Last week, he was promoted to Major.

So it can be done. And without mirrors, too.

SCOUTING IN ICELAND. A half-track carries these men over the rugged Iceland terrain. Last week, Adolf Hitler sent another of his infrequent messengers to Iceland—a single plane that bombed and machine-gunned a remote military installation in the south. There were no casualties and only negligible damage.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN WAR GAME, TOO. Army nurses with troops on maneuvers in the Carolinas take time out from duty. Lois Odell uses it to catch up with her darning while Ann Bouvier catches a radio program.

Carolina's Peedee River Foams Again With Gee-Eye Maneuvers

WADESBORO, N. C.—The old Peedee River which soaked many a pair of fatigue clothes last fall during the 1941 Carolina Maneuvers of happy memory is catching hell again.

Blue and Red armies are fighting for the little stream, just like old times, in the first big series of maneuvers since war was declared. As one warm and weary corporal remarked the other day:

"The Army has done so much fighting over this river in the last year, you'd think there was beer running in it instead of water."

In this latest Battle of the Peedee, the commanders are stressing camouflage more than ever. Officers are cracking down hard on men who leave mess kits out in the sun where they can be spotted from the air. Anybody lucky enough to have a clean handkerchief can't use it in the daylight because the white makes a contrast against the brown and green landscape.

These summer war games are tougher than last fall's maneuvers because the Carolina heat in August is scorching. And the dust is so thick here that a private walked three miles the other day, thinking that he was unreeling a telephone wire, before he discovered that he was dragging the first sergeant along by the necktie.

There are not as many soldiers involved in the current Carolina maneuvers as there were in the 1941 campaigns but it's still impossible to get into a restaurant at Wadseboro or Rockingham on a Saturday night.

Army Finds Right Job For This Draft Boarder

BROOKLYN — Thomas J. Clark quit his job on the local draft board because he didn't want to send any more selectees off to war.

He went out and got a commission as a first lieutenant. They gave him a position in the transport service, sending selectees off to war.

BRITONS GIVE U. S. LEGAL POWER

LONDON—The House of Commons passed a bill giving the U.S. complete military jurisdiction in all cases involving crimes committed by American service men in Great Britain.

The measure, urged by Home Secretary Herbert Morrison, was also approved in the House of Lords.

Entire Issue Copyright, 1942, by YANK, The Army Newspaper. Printed in U.S.A. Pictures: Cover, Cpl. Gordon Frye. 2, top, INP, bottom U. S. Signal Corps. 3, PA. 4, top left, PA, top right and bottom INP. 5, Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 6, Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 7, Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 8, Wide World, except top right Norwegian Inf. Bureau. 9, top left Wide World, bottom left INP, bottom right Norwegian Inf. Bureau. 10, top right INP, center Acme. 11, Acme, except top right INP. 12, top left and right U.S. Army, bottom left Wide World, bottom right Acme. 13, top left Acme, top right and right center Wide World, bottom left U.S. Signal Corps, bottom left PA. 14, Cpl. Peter Paris. 18, 20th Century-Fox. 19, top left Maurice Seymour, top right RKO. 21, Acme. 22, Acme. 23, top INP, right center, Acme. 24, Sgt. Ed Cunningham.
Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service

Navy Picks a Lady Named Mildred to Rule the Waves

WASHINGTON—The Navy watched the Army getting more WAACKY day by day and decided to follow the War Department's footsteps and enlist about 11,000 women, too, for shore duty in nice blue uniforms.

"Swell," somebody said. "But what will we call them?"

"The Women's Naval Reserve Corps," said the officer who thought up the idea in the first place.

"Can't do that," somebody said. "The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is called the WAACS. O.K. But you can't christen this the Women's Naval Reserve Corps. Nobody can pronounce the word 'WNRC' unless he speaks Lapland or Eskimo language."

McAfee Rules the Waves

"I got it!" another officer exclaimed. "We'll call them the Women Appointed for Volunteer Emergency Service."

"That's quite a mouthful," somebody said.

"But don't you get it?" the officer said. "If we name them the Women Appointed for Volunteer Emergency Service, everybody can just call these girls WAVES for short. Nice and simple, isn't it?"

"Harry, sometimes you seem like a positive genius," somebody said, shaking him by the hand.

So the Navy is starting to enlist 11,000 WAVES for shore duty under the direction of Miss Mildred H. McAfee, who used to be president of Wellesley College before all this came up. They will use Smith College in Northampton, Mass., as a training headquarters beginning sometime in October.

Evening Gowns Are Out

The WAVES will operate pretty much like the WAACS, except that they won't be allowed to wear evening gowns or other civilian clothes when they're off duty. The Navy will make up for this hardship by giving them the regular wage scale instead of the $21 and $30 per month the WAACS get.

Unlike the WAACS, who won't leave the U.S., the Navy auxiliary may be sent to duty in foreign ports.

The girl bluejackets will wear a hat—not a cap—designed like that of an 18th Century seaman with an insignia consisting of an anchor intertwined around a propeller. In other words, they are taking no sides in the present naval controversy about aircraft carriers being more important than battleships.

The WAVES, according to Miss McAfee, will wear inconspicuous makeup. And they won't be allowed to smoke on the streets.

Jap Subs Just Right Size For Kids' Toys

SYDNEY—A group of Australian dead-end kids crawled into some midget Japanese subs on exhibition here and nobody could get them out.

The subs, salvaged from the bottom of the harbor, were so small that a grown-up could not go in after the children. Naval officers couldn't understand how even the Japs could find sailors small enough to operate the tiny vessels. The maximum height inside is four feet, two inches.

Extra! G. I.'s Send Money Back Home

NEW YORK—The life of a bank clerk isn't very exciting but sometimes he gets a few laughs handling the money cabled back home from soldiers overseas.

You wouldn't think a soldier in Europe or Australia would have spare cash to forward to the folks in the family but, somehow or other, they do. A typical message reads:

"Dice were hot. Bank it for me. Love."

Another G.I. shipped some money home, saying, "Can't find a place in Ireland to spend my dough. You try it, love."

The Irving Trust Company tells a story about Lieut. Walter Reid in Northern Ireland, who financed a new set of false teeth for his father, Thomas J. Reid in Leavenworth, Kan.

Lieut. Reid sent his dad $100 with these instructions:

"Buy yourself some teeth. Am in Northern Ireland."

The father thought the cancelled check would return to his son and wrote under his endorsement:

"Good old steamboat. May God bless you."

And the dentist, endorsed it, too:

"This is to certify your dad has his teeth."

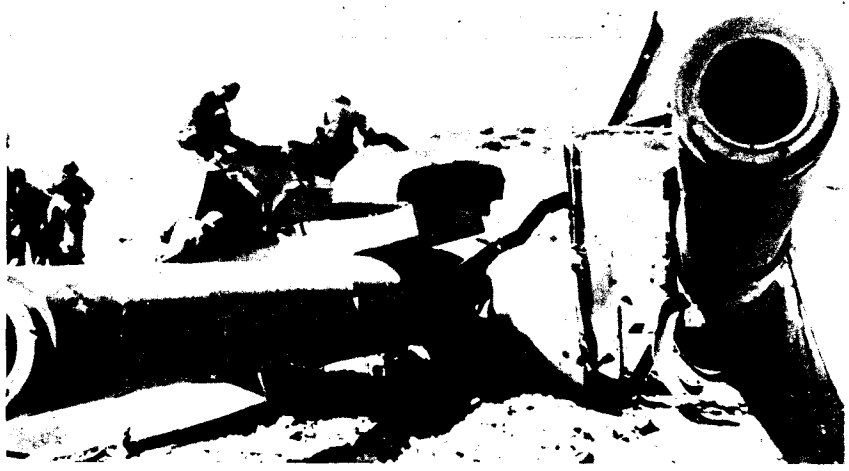
6 MONTHS, 6 BITS

Any way you look at it, that's service! It isn't often you can get six bits to do a six-month job. And it's no gag, soldier. Just fill in this blank, mail it with 75 cents, to YANK, the Army Newspaper, New York, and we'll send you 26 issues—one every week for six months!

Full Name and Rank *A.S.N.*

Army Address

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nazis examine wrecked giant cannon near Sevastopol

Aussies and Yanks rest near bombers in New Guinea

Reports from a World at War

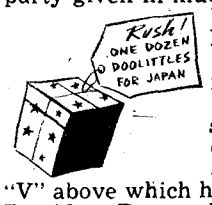
Concerning U-boats, a Tall King, Gandhi, Panamanian Cows, a Voyage, a Slugged Author, China, Bombed Germany, the Pacific, and a Swede.

THE FOUR HAYMAKERS landed by the RAF at Cologne, Essen, Bremen and Hamburg hepped up the pulse beat of United Nations fighters, sent "Victory Through Airpower" fans into ecstasies, made wonderful copy for eye-witness stories describing "a sea of flames." After that came estimates of the cost.

London authorities figure these forays cost the British government a cool 96 million bucks. The total included cost of 5,000 tons of bombs, 192 bombers lost, and the fuel and oil supplies expended in the 1,000-plane flights. London studied photographs of bombed areas, estimated the Third Reich lost two billion dollars in destruction of production installation.

"MI ADIOS, ARGENTINA," was the title of an article which got Waldo Frank, U. S. lecturer and author visiting Buenos Aires, into plenty of hot water. In the article Frank criticized Argentina for its neutrality in this way: "Argentina knows what this tremendous war means. But it is demoralized spiritually." The Argentine Government didn't like such language and countered by ordering Frank out of the country. While he was waiting for transportation to Chile, however, six men disguised as police forced their way into his apartment and beat him up, leaving him lying on the floor with a severe concussion of the skull. The next day the polite Chief of Police of Buenos Aires hastened to call on Frank at a hospital and to assure the heretofore unwelcome guest of the Argentine Government's "regrets."

"MORE CHENNAULTS TO CHINA" and "More Doolittles to Japan" were slogans at a United Nations lawn party given in much bombed Chungking by Dr. H. H. Kung, Chinese Premier and direct descendant of Confucius. The slogans appeared on panels besides a 10-foot electric "V" above which hung the portrait of President Roosevelt. Main speaker at the party was Lauchlin Currie, the President's personal representative in China, who assured the assembled Chinese that the U. S. was "able to deliver to China's veteran armies and experienced generals a striking power that will turn a long and glorious war of resistance into offensive campaigns that will lead to final victory."



A SWEDISH SAILOR, back in his native Goeteberg after a spell on a North Sea freighter, described the RAF's pounding of Hamburg as "my idea of an earthquake." He said he was unloading and loading during both big bombings of the German port and that after the British came over it looked as if the whole place was afire. "The noise was ear-splitting," he said. "After every bombardment there was a thick smoke-like fog hanging about for the best part of the next day. Longshoremen said it was warehouses and buildings burning up the river. The town is a long way from the port, but stevedores and ship chandlers brought news from the town and some of it we could guess ourselves."

CABALLO ISLAND, tiny landfall near the mouth of Manila Bay, was a hell of fire and screaming shells the night Corregidor fell.

From off Caballo that night slipped a 36-foot launch, loaded with 450 gallons of diesel oil, eight cases of emergency rations and 18 desperate Americans with $600 in their pockets. Motors muffled, the launch eased into a cove five miles away, and the next night moved out again into waters teeming with enemy craft.

One month later, the two officers and 16 men in the launch climbed out at Darwin, Australia, two thousand miles from Caballo, and reported for further duty. They had run a gauntlet of 55 Jap ships without being sighted, had navigated the Celebes Sea with only a compass, a pocket watch and a makeshift sextant.

Their diet was a mixture of G.I. rations plus whatever their $600 could buy from natives along the way: sardines, corned beef, papayas, bananas, coffee. They ate no seafood. Their skipper complained there wasn't a fisherman in the bunch—they didn't catch a thing.

At Darwin, journey's end, they found they had gained weight.

KING HAAKON VII, the tall, lean monarch of Norway, celebrated his 70th birthday in an English exile as the world wondered whether the Allies would choose Norway as the scene of a second front. Born Prince Carl of Denmark and coming to the Norwegian throne only after the Norwegian people had voted him King by an overwhelming majority, His Majesty was pictured as a man of simple tastes who is now living in a modest country place outside London. He holds no court, has no chamberlains or flunkies and keeps strict office hours at the Norwegian Embassy in London.

Austalian method of overcoming barbed wire

Look at the picture, and then listen to a Swiss legend.

Back in 1386 the good Swiss were fighting a terrific battle against the Austrians. At the height of the battle the Austrians formed a solid line and when the Swiss charged they were faced with an unbroken rank of spears. They couldn't break through and they couldn't outflank the Austrians.

Then up spoke a brave fellow by the name of Winkelried. He had an idea. He suggested the Swiss form a wedge behind him and rush the Austrian spears just one more time. The Swiss agreed and Winkelried, at the point of the wedge, reached out and grabbed all the Austrian spears he could reach and held them to his breast. Of course the spears killed him, but his buddies broke through the gap and went on to win the battle and ultimately the independence of Switzerland.

Now look again at the picture of Australian soldiers diving on the barbed wire. It's tough work breaking barbed wire so that the men coming behind you can go through. But the Japs are bombing Australian cities again and are stirring uneasily once more in the islands north of Australia. The Aussies may well need just this kind of toughness if they are to save their country's independence.

BEARDED YOUNG NAZI sailors scrambled aboard the torpedoed U.S. merchantman in the Caribbean, brought off food supplies for the eleven-day voyage home underseas.

The American crew watched, and waited, in lifeboats.

The U-boat sent a parting "Thank You" of machine-gun bursts into the listing hull, then edged over to the men in the boats.

"Who is the captain?" the German commander demanded, in English.

"I am," snapped Yankee Captain Henry Stephenson. "What do you want?"

"Come aboard. You are a prisoner of war. I am sorry."

Sixty-six-year-old Captain Stephenson turned to his chief engineer, asked him for cigars.

"You won't need them," the German said. "We have plenty aboard."

Captain Stephenson spat in the sea, looked the Nazi straight in the eye.

"I don't want your German cigars."

He went aboard the U-boat with half a box of his own favorite brand, the first known U.S. victim of German kidnapping on the high seas in this war. His crew, protesting against the unusual action, was assured their skipper would be "treated well."

"HYSTERICAL OUTBURST" was what the Mahatma M. K. Gandhi called the reaction of the United States and Britain to his plea for immediate Indian independence. "We feel that if freed from the foreign yoke, we would play a possibly decisive part in the world war," the Mahatma said. "The only thing that is needed is for Britain to hand over complete control, without reservations except that during the war period Allied troops may operate here to stem Japanese and Axis attacks."

THE GOVERNMENTS of Estados Unidos and of Republica de Panama reached an agreement.

Representatives agreed that some cows, especially Panamanian cows, cared little or nothing for the rights of an airplane to land at an advanced U.S. jungle airdrome.

Representatives agreed that U.S. planes, especially transports bearing construction materials, had to land sometime . . . that they couldn't circle forever.

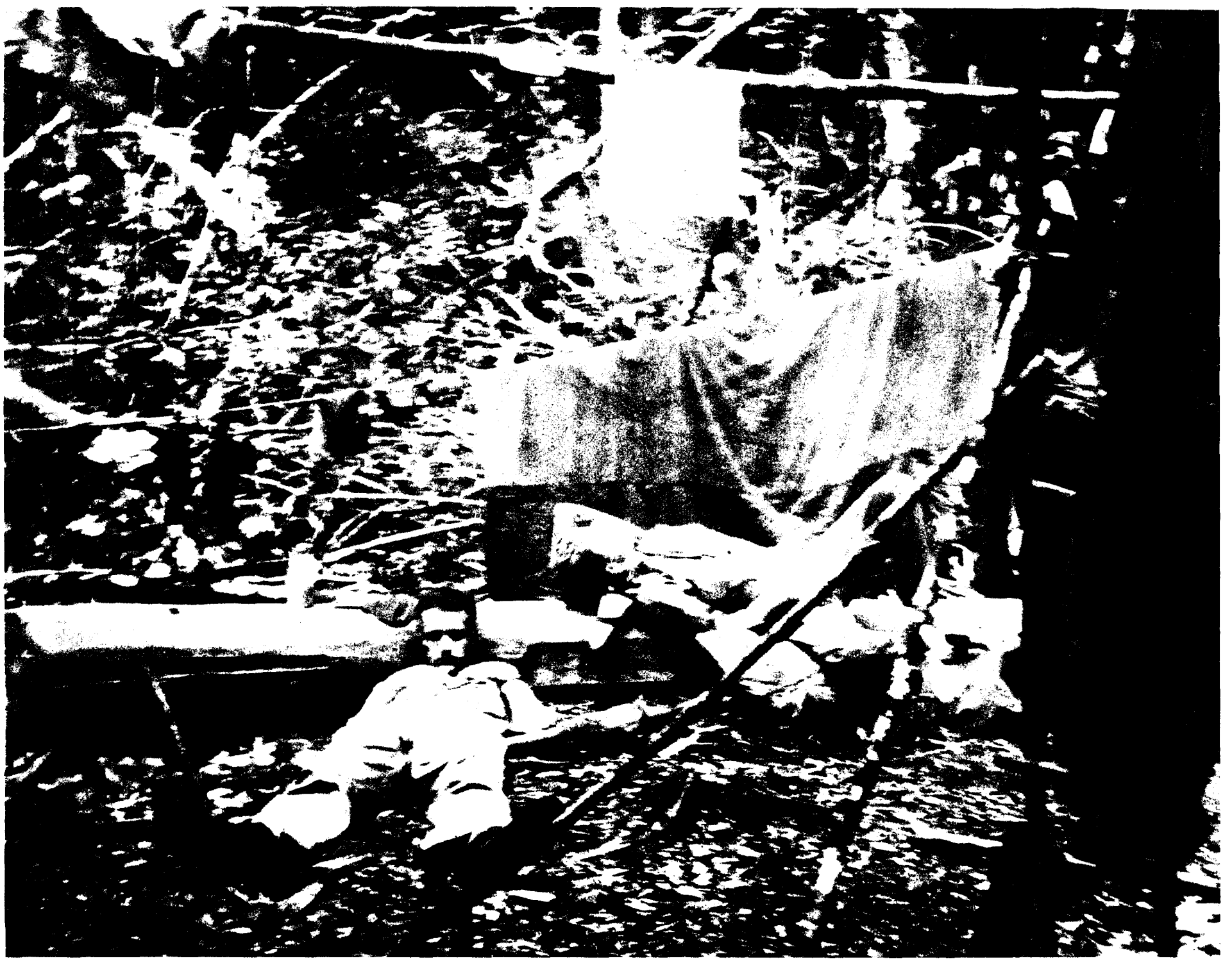
Representatives agreed that cow punchers mounted on motorcycles were too much trouble, often ineffectual. Everybody agreed that no amount of roaring and zooming by planes had any effect whatsoever on jungle-bred cattle who used the air base as an open range.

So Estados Unidos and Republica de Panama finally got together and built some fences.

The war effort in Panama is a little easier now.

YANK, The Army Newspaper, weekly publication issued by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York. *Copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A.* *Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Two of the ten who fought the jungle. Lieut. Wilfred Grenfell and Lieut. Felix Kershner resting at an abandoned loggers' camp.

Ten Against the Jungle

By Sgt. Ed Cunningham, *YANK Staff Writer*

Somewhere in the Caribbean — **This is the diary of ten soldiers against the jungle and against death. I was there and I wrote it down. They were all Army men, of course, nine of them crew members of a B-24. They were:**

An ex-boxer.
A musician.
A steel worker.
A college sophomore.
An engineer.
A mechanic.
A university junior.
A bank clerk.
A 21-year old officer.
I was there, too, a newspaperman.

We were bound for a place across the world when we took off on the morning of July 13 from a Caribbean port. Somewhere across the world, the gunner could do his gunning, the bombardier could do his bombing. I could report their fighting for YANK.

But this is not the story of aerial combat. It is the story of a fight against the jungle. A strange war story, and a strange enemy. No amount of machinegunning would help us in this fight. No bombs could cripple the enemy. Nature, at times man's worst enemy, cannot be fought with bombs, and the nine men had to fight another way.

It all began the afternoon of July 13. We were headed for a South American airdrome when the storm came. The sky went black with it. The wind rose, and the rains came. Raw ropes of lightning seared the sky. Storm mauled the land and punished the sea. And the air was like the sea—mountainous, ready to beat and batter anything that tried to ride upon it.

The B-24 is a sweet ship in a storm. Her four motors never faltered. She bucked a bit, but she never faltered.

We rode out the gale and sailed into skies washed clean and clear by the rain and the purifying lightning. We rode out the gale, but we were lost. The sea should have been below us. But below was a jungle, dark in the late afternoon light.

We had been blown off course. There were two hours of fuel in the tanks, and the watches said night must fall in an hour.

There were 10 of us in the B-24 when we were given the order to bail out and to throw ourselves at the mercy of a scrap of silk and the jungle . . .

Cunningham and 10-day beard

These were the 10:

Pilot — Second Lieut Felix W. Kershner, 24, Enid, Okla., who left Oklahoma University in his junior year to become an aviation cadet.

Co-pilot — Second Lieut. Wilfred L. Grenfell, a graduate of Oregon State University, 26, a bank clerk in his home town of McMinnville, Ore., and a cousin of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the Labrador missionary.

Navigator—Second Lieut Richard H. Turner, of DuBois, Nebraska, 27, and before the Army a music instructor in a Jamestown, Kansas, high-school.

Bombardier — Second Lieut. Eugene G. Anderson, 21, of Hatton, N. Dakota.

Tail Gunner — Pvt. Morris Pennington, an ex-boxer from Tacoma, Wash., 28, a family man with a nine-year-old daughter.

Radio Operator — Pvt. Jesse H. Lewis, Anton, Texas, who dropped out of college in his sophomore year to enlist in the Air Force. He's 22.

Assistant Radio Operator — Pvt. Frank Janeshek, 29, a former steel mill worker in Follansbee, West Virginia.

Chief Engineer—Pfc. Milton Hazel of Saugus, Mass., who's 26 and now in his third year in the Army.

Aerial Engineer—Pfc. Robert Ravey, 28, Pasadena, Cal., a mechanic before he joined the Air Force.

And then, myself.

. . . There were 10 of us when

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lieut. Kershner gave the order to bail out.

Below us the trees rose 100 feet into the dusk, and the wildwood was deep, tangled and impenetrable.

Then, suddenly, a clearing loomed up out of the forest.

I watched from a window. Kershner, at the controls, never veered from his course, which was "up" to give us altitude to bail out.

Anderson, the 21-year-old kid, walked up front. He yelled in Kershner's ear. The plane began losing altitude, circling. As we came down it became darker, for it is a way with the sky at dusk that the lower you go the darker it gets, and in the jungle, night drops fast.

The plane kept dropping and our hopes rose. We were going to try it. Hazel yelled back:

"The looie wants to know if anybody wants to jump."

Nobody wanted to leave the plane.

This was it.

I went to the window with my camera. It was just a cheap camera, but if this was the last picture ever taken, I was going to get it before the crash. I pressed the lens against a window. Down we dropped, and further down, and the trees swam into focus and stood out sharply. Down to 300 feet...200 and I clicked the shutter.

The ship lurched and somebody—I think it was Anderson—yanked me back and yelled:

"Wanna get killed? Lay down!"

I lay down and braced myself against the supports inside the plane, braced myself and waited. Down here it was getting quite dark. I had a vision of the plane nosing over and bursting into awful black flame, then smoke spreading over the jungle. I held my breath, heard the rapid brush of jungle foliage against the belly of the plane as it skimmed a few feet above the earth.

There was a jolt. I was hurled along the floor. It was all over. The plane shuddered and then was quite still.

Nobody moved for a second, then we all climbed down the catwalk and got out under the bomb bay doors. As I leaned over to crawl under the side, I got my first touch of jungle, a handful of thorns from a low bush.

We had landed in what was a small lake in some ancient day. Nobody was hurt. Lt. Kershner went over the plane. A window had been cracked in the bombardier's compartment. The landing gear may have been sprung by the shock of the landing. That was all.

Half an hour later, it was dark. We sent up flares, but we heard no planes. We had dinner—corned beef, baked beans and a box of "dog biscuits." Everybody was happy. We were in a hell of a spot, but we were all alive.

That night we slept in the plane.

July 14

All of us are awake before dawn. The air is damp and clammy. Now we know what we have to face. For an hour after sun-up we prowl around in the jungle. What this reconnaissance discloses is not pleasant. There is no game around here, nor any stream nearby. Our supply of canned goods and emergency rations is limited.

Breakfast, July 14: A tablespoon of canned salmon apiece, a spoonful of baked beans, a thermos jug of orange juice among us.

We build a wood fire to make coffee.

Anderson is convinced there is a creek nearby. With Lieut. Turner, Janeschek, Pennington and Hazel, he sets out with rifles and .45's to find it.

While they are gone, the rest of us dig a well, and after two feet hit water. It's dirty, but we strain it through a clean undershirt and boil it thoroughly for safety's sake.

During the afternoon, the rains come again. We catch water in our tin helmets and in a large tarpaulin. We get almost four gallons of fresh rainwater.

Lewis and Ravey work over the radio equipment. They inflate a balloon with water-made hydrogen, to send up an aerial. But there is no wind. Lt. Anderson and his water-hunters return in the afternoon: they have found a tiny stream after hours of hacking through vines and underbrush and dodging snakes. They had followed it downstream and report that it widens gradually. They hope it leads to a river.

We do too.

And we talk about it for hours.

Our first real hot meal tonight—a G.I. stew of corned beef, baked beans and tomatoes. Lt. Kershner is the cook. The feast is served from our water bucket.

That night we play poker. .45 calibre bullets make good chips, if you have no other chips.

We go to bed about 10.

I toss most of the night, listening to the jungle-strange sounds.

Actual photo of the beginning of their forced landing in the Jungle

July 15

We allow ourselves the luxury of sleeping late this morning. It's 0800 when we finally get up.

Breakfast—another G.I. stew.

We have decided to take a chance on slashing our way through the jungle and get our things ready for the long trek. Our navigator takes a sight, calculates that we're 150 miles from civilization.

Lt. Kershner curses humorously. He's leaving behind a 50 buck blouse. So is Grenfell and he's bemoaning the fact that he's never worn it and wishes now he had worn it at his wedding.

In the afternoon, we shoot off flares. A couple of them land in dry grass and start fires. We grab an extinguisher and quench them, afraid that the flames might spread to the plane. Kershner is determined to fly the plane out some day.

After fire-fighting duty, we haul out the rubber life-rafts. Each is wrapped tightly in tarpaulin to protect it if we march through sharp branches. We rig up a couple of poles, 15 feet long, and tie the rafts to them so two men can carry them. I take with me a shelter half, packed with some extra films for my camera, the entire supply of cigarets and matches, mosquito bars and head-nets and the crew's various personal items such as identification cards.

We also plan to take four .45's, two .30 rifles, emergency rations, medical supplies and ammunition.

Dinner tonight — we shoot the works on the canned stuff. Too heavy to carry with us, except in our stomachs.

I slept well that night.

July 16

Our safari starts at 8 a.m. We police up the joint thoroughly on Kershner's orders. He insists on Army camping regulations even here in the jungle. We destroy the secret radio equipment and all secret papers.

We plow through the underbrush for half an hour before we can reach the jungle itself. Pushing through the jungle is like untangling yourself from a steel fish net. Heavy vines wrap themselves around your arms, legs and even your neck. Fallen trees litter the non-existent path we hack before us.

We reach the stream about 1100. It's just a three-foot rivulet of dank and stagnant water. For all we know, it's full of snakes.

Through the afternoon, the stream widens gradually. The insects are fierce, and then what do we get but an electric eel. It's this way:

Penny spots it first. He drops his end of the pole carrying the life-rafts and pulls out his machete. He slashes like Doug Fairbanks used to do in the movies and one eel is minus one head. But the shock paralyzes Penny's arm. I remember seeing an electric eel used as generator for a light bulb at the World's Fair. We talk briefly, while taking a "ten," about frying it for supper. We figure that electricity and vitamins might not mix well with gastric juices.

The going gets tougher, the underbrush more dense. At each stop, Hazel reads from the Bible. Back in Mississippi, his folks are devout Methodists.

Here in the jungle, he remembers his training. At first we joke about it a little and kid him because he never bothered much about things religious till he gets in a jam. Later on, we quit kidding him. We're in a tough spot, and all of us get a certain satisfaction from Hazel's Bible-reading. I let go with more than one prayer in that jungle, and the others told me later they did too.

It's almost 1530 now. The light is fading. We haven't got much longer.

Just before dusk, we find a creek, and an abandoned leaf-roofed hut. The leaf-roof is dripping with ants and insects. This must have been a logger's temporary shelter.

We stop for the night and in the little stream wash away the grime and dust of the jungle. Hundreds of minnows swarmed about in the stream. We have to be careful when we duck our heads under water that we don't come up with a mouthful of them.

Dinner that night: cold baked beans, tomatoes, corned beef.

We post a guard that night.

The jungle is a noisy place. Inspires awe somehow.

July 17

Down to one meal a day.

We send out scouting parties through old lumberjack trails which we know must lead to the river.

No luck.

Lack of food is beginning to tell. Six days now since we had a decent meal. Evidently we're still miles away from a free-running body where we can float the life-rafts.

We try to catch fish, but the fish won't go for our bait, flies and big ants. Our tempers are a little short. To hell with the fish, we'll shoot them. So we take the rifle and shoot fish.

Over a fire, they're cooked well. We have no salt, no butter, but still they're fresh food, and we eat them out of our mess kits.

Anderson and Pennington are excited about the way the creek widens down stream, and we talk about it till we go to sleep that night.

The jungle makes a lot of noise. I sleep lightly.

July 18

We leave the logger's camp and start down the creek bed shortly after dawn.

Finally we reach a corduroy trail. It leads to a stream. Now the water is deep enough to launch our rafts. We christen them officially. The boats are four feet wide and eight feet long. There are five of us on each of them, and that is a lot of humanity for such small boats.

It is treacherous going. Rubber is not steel or even wood, and jagged

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stumps lurk everywhere in the creek bed. The rafts may be punctured at any moment.

First sign of life! About 1400 that afternoon, we meet a native and his wife paddling a home-made canoe up a branch of the creek. They are not very social, and paddle away, but we feel better.

It's a good thing we feel better, for we've got trouble now, real trouble. The creek has narrowed down to a bare eight-foot wide stream, running through miles of foreboding bullrushes.

We know that if we don't get out by nightfall, we don't get out at all.

It is not a comforting thought, and we paddle as earnestly and steadily as our waning strength permits.

Just before nightfall, luck comes our way again. We break through the bullrushes into a clearing where we camp for the night.

None of us sleep very well. We are wet and cold and tired.

July

The stream widens. We pass a few scattered huts. It is Sunday. The huts are all deserted. Somebody suggests the natives may be at church.

Finally, we find a hut that is occupied. Crowded into it are a man, three women, a girl and five children.

Just whose husband the man was, we never found out. I don't guess it made much difference. We want to buy their pigs, but are afraid of trichinosis. We finally decide to buy chickens, but the chickens have other ideas. They scamper off into the jungle.

We compromise on a couple of dozen oranges and take off again. About 1500 that afternoon we run across another hut. There are two native canoes in front, and swimming around the canoes, four large ducks. We go to the hut and try to buy the ducks, but when the native woman sees us, she scampers off into the jungle like the chickens.

Lieut. Anderson shoots the ducks.

We leave two American dollar bills in payment.

Further downstream, we meet two young native boys in canoes. We finally make them understand that we are searching for a river. They lead the way three miles downstream, and there is the river.

We've looked for it for a week.

They leave us at a small trading post. But the trading post is deserted and we paddle two more miles downstream before finding a camping spot for the night.

Dinner—roast duck, oranges.

Just as we are beginning to eat, a couple of canoe-loads of natives comes up from the trading post. They bring us oranges, coffee, corn meal, sugar, and a slab of pork. A boy prepares coffee at our fire. The coffee is very thick and very sweet. They sit around while we eat duck. We are not very hospitable and offer them no duck, as we figure we need it more than they do.

July 20

One of our native friends brings us breakfast.

Breakfast, July 20: Orange juice and coffee. A New York stenographer's breakfast, no less, but not enough to live on.

The sun grins down ruthlessly, and the sweat pours down your body, and there are not enough vitamins in your stomach to go around.

We paddle all day, taking turns at sleeping, then an hour's turn at the paddles. Sleep gives us our only energy now.

Late in the afternoon, we stop at a native hut and buy two chickens, some eggs and fish. We camp a little earlier tonight to have enough daylight to roast the chickens.

The eggs are rotten.

The fish is inedible.

Dinner, July 20: roast chicken.

Everybody is depressed. It was an adventure for a few days. It's an ordeal now.

Sleep is fitful, and the jungle noisy.

Paddling from dawn to dusk. Empty river except for a boat manned by three boys. It looks like a cross between a Chinese sampan and a miniature Roman galley. We hire it, tying our rafts on behind. We paddle, while Lieut. Grenfell says he feels like Ben Hur on a Roman slave ship. The oldest boy signals to huts along the river and decides this is as far as he goes.

We start paddling our rafts again. It's tough. Your stomach gets knots in it. Your head gets light. The chocolate—the only food we have left—is not much help.

At dusk, we approach an outpost that has two painted buildings. We figure it is a sure sign that we are reaching civilization. It is a pig farm. We get oranges, bananas and papayas from a frightened 15-year-old boy, the only male around the place. I wonder where all the men are.

There is a new moon tonight, but by 10 o'clock, storm clouds cover it.

We paddle in utter darkness.

Over in the next boat, Ravey is singing, "Row, row, row your boat."

We tie the rafts together and drift. We are too tired to row farther.

About midnight, Ravey sings out again, a different tune, yelling about a steamboat round the bend. It doesn't seem possible. We yell back for him to shut up.

But he's right.

We begin the most frantic few minutes of our trip. Forgetting the rafts are tied together, we begin paddling furiously. We shout, but the noise of water and the steamboat's motors drown our voices. We search frantically for a flashlight. It's lost somewhere on the floor.

Lewis has an inspiration. He pulls out his cigaret lighter. What a flimsy device for rescue. But it works. It responds to the first snap, and bursts into a flicker that is like a beacon in the dark jungle.

We are picked up by a boat that makes the run only once a month.

And Lewis' cigaret lighter hasn't worked since.

The boat's crew feed us sparingly. They know what havoc over-eating can wreak on a starving man.

We go to sleep.

The jungle is quiet that night.

July 22

It's all over but the shouting now.

We shave our 10 day growth of beard.

July 23

We see the light of a town.

July 24

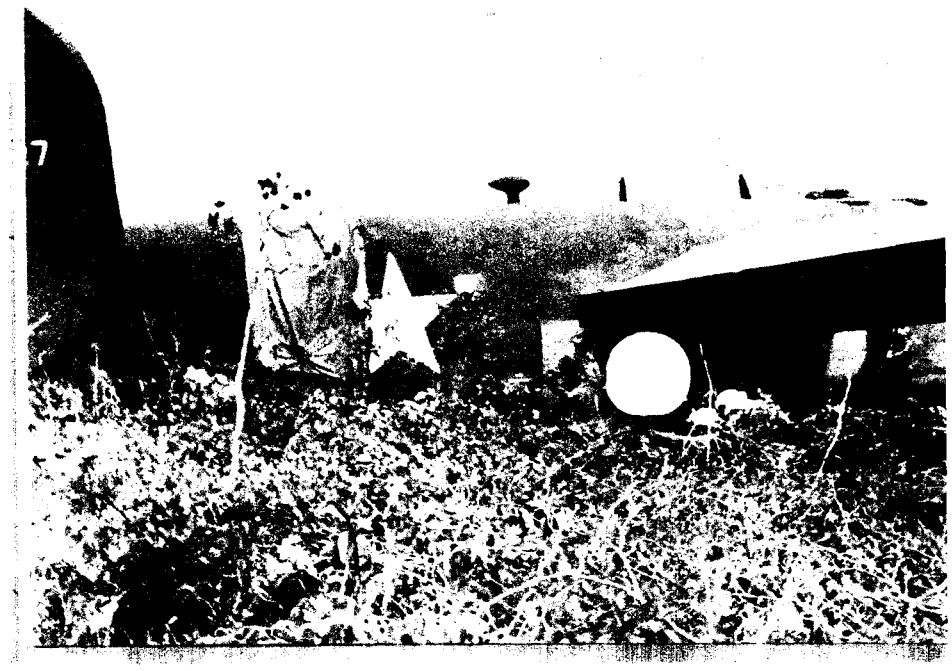
We arrive at a U. S. Army Air Force base and officials decide to build a temporary runway at our jungle landing field and fly our bomber out. I am going back to the states. Kershner and the crew are overjoyed at the prospect of getting their plane out of the wilderness. I am glad for them, for there is an affinity between these men and their ship.

. . . There is a moon tonight, and out in the jungle the plane is alone but not abandoned. Tomorrow rain will beat down on her powerful motors, and trickle in through the cracks in the cowling and run in rivulets down her wings. Tonight, in the moonlight, the B-24 is a monument to the courage of the men who flew her. But on some not-too-vague tomorrow, she will streak in fast toward the enemy with the ex-boxer and the musician and the steel worker, and the bank clerk and the others.

And the gunner will be gunning and the bombardier will be bombing. A monument to courage will have come to life, and the ex-boxer and the musician, the steel worker and the bank clerk and the others will be fulfilling what some people choose to call destiny.

I hope to be there, too.

Armed with rifles, some of the party leave the plane to find water



Unsuccessful attempt to float a hydrogen balloon and send up an aerial

In a little stream by the loggers' camp, the men wash away the grime

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet guerrillas in German-occupied Ukraine

Norwegian commandos training in England

The V Front Makes Ready

TO JOIN THE SECOND FRONT

e "H" and "7" above this Norwegian ild's "V" for Victory stand for aakon VII, Norway's king in exile.

Every bit of reliable information coming out of German-occupied France these days pictures the average Frenchman as hating the Nazis with all his guts.

He will risk his job, even his life, to read and pass on to the next fellow widely circulated underground newspapers. He listens regularly to BBC broadcasts in French, even though he knows that if he's caught doing it he'll be tossed in the clink. He may not have taken yet to throwing bombs at Nazi soldiers, but he'll do many other things that are equally effective. There'll be unaccountable slowdowns in industrial plants, complicated machinery will break down at the most awkward moments, there will be any number of unsolvable railroad "accidents."

Of late this average Frenchman's pulse has run noticeably higher. He has heard that the RAF gave a 1,000-plane sock to Cologne, that British flyers then plastered Hamburg for two sessions and that next they took on Duisberg, Saarbrucken and Dusseldorf, German industrial and transportation centers. All that has pleased Frenchmen, but even more to their liking have been targets in France itself.

"Sure Sign"

Most Frenchmen cheer when the RAF comes over, even though they realize that British bombs must inevitably kill some Frenchmen as well as Nazis. Lately the RAF, aided by U. S. flyers, has attacked the transportation and communications system of western France. British flyers, for instance, caught one loaded freight train at the Merville railroad station near Le Havre and blew it sky high. U. S. and British pilots spied another train crawling along toward Abbeville and wrecked it. At Cholet, back of the German coastal defenses in northwestern France, they dipped down to within 20 feet of the target to smash important telephone installations. German freight traffic moving out of Paris in the network of railroads connecting the French capital with Le Havre, Boulogne, Cherbourg and St. Nazaire was ceaselessly pounded at the same time that Nazi shipping hugging the continental coastline became a never-ending target.

In all these attacks the average Frenchman saw a sure sign not only that a second front was coming but that it was coming to France. To him this attack on Nazi transportation was but a necessary prelude to a full-scale invasion which, he hoped, would rid France of the Nazi.

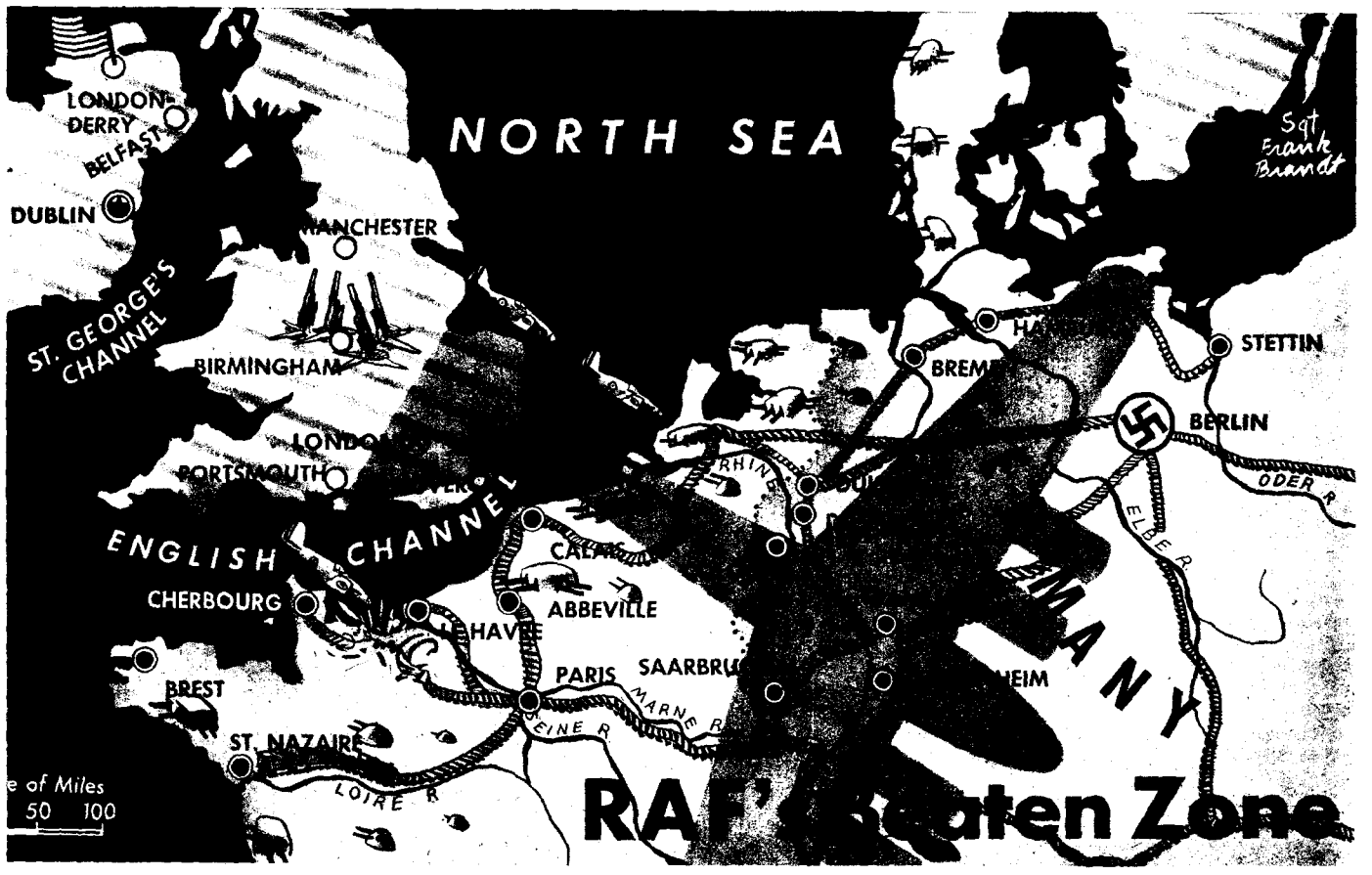
He had heard the BBC advise Frenchmen in Channel ports time and again to move out. He knew that the U. S. had been building up an invasion force in England and northern Ireland and that prominent U. S. generals have arrived in London for pressing military consultations. He knew that the hard-pressed Russians, fighting valiantly to save Stalingrad and with their backs to the Caucasian oil fields had been pressing for a second front and that in Britain and the U. S. there had been considerable popular agitation for a continental invasion.

The Nazi Jitters

What the Nazis were doing and saying about a second front was also curiously significant. It looked as if they were having a bad case of invasion jitters and were trying to bluff their way out of it. They held an anti-invasion parade in Paris of German troops which, they ostentatiously announced, had recently returned from Russian fighting. They scattered pictures of this parade all over Europe. From Vichy and Rome and Berne the Nazis let it be announced that they were holding anti-invasion maneuvers near Channel ports and in Norway and added that they were satisfied with the results.

Goebbels, the Nazi propagandist, declared flatly that the Nazis no longer feared the idea of a second front, while his radio underlings kept stressing night after night that the Germans maintained in western Europe enough troops to take care of any second-front threat. One Nazi statistician got busy and added up the cubic feet of concrete fortifications the Germans had put into Norwegian defenses. He said it was well over 1,000,000.

The Nazis struck back also with a few light raids over England, but the chief result here was to give new British anti-aircraft installa-



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French soldiers return to unoccupied France from a German prison camp. Will they help an Allied invasion?

tions at Birmingham a chance for a try-out.

Against these bland assurances of Nazi strength in France came Russian reports of large transfers of German troops to the Don and Volga regions of lower Russia. It was believed that no less than 16 Nazi divisions, including at least two panzers, had been taken from France and Belgium and sent eastward. Out of Moscow came the flat statement that not more than nine German divisions were now garrisoned in France.

Puppets Are Nervous, Too

If the Nazis showed in a curious way that they were nervous about the possibilities of an Allied invasion, the Nazi puppets were even more jittery. Vidkun Quisling, the Norwegian puppet, warned Norwegians not to help an attempt by the British and Americans to land there, said there would be "civil war" if they did. At the same time neither Quisling nor any of his supporters dared appear in public in Norway without an armed Nazi guard.

In France Pierre Laval, the pro-Nazi Premier, was obviously worried about what the French would do in case of an Allied landing. Out of Vichy came an official warning to the French to stay indoors when British and American troops appeared. When British commandos raided St. Nazaire late last spring the French population rushed out to help them. The Laval statement was underlined by the Nazis, who ruled that they would shoot any Frenchmen found on the streets during an attempted invasion. Machine-gun nests were placed in the Place de la Concorde, in the center of Paris, to quell any possible civilian uprising.

Scientific Sabotage

Frenchmen and Norwegians were not alone among the peoples of occupied Europe in standing ready to help a British-American Army of liberation. From one end of the continent to another an "army" of men, women and children awaited the signal to turn this V for Victory front into an active aid of a second front.

In Czechoslovakia the people have been warned by their own government-in-exile in London not to attempt an uprising until the proper moment arrives. Meanwhile, the Czechs have become experts at "scientific sabotage." The delicate machinery of the big arms-producing Skoda works is tampered with in such a way that the blame is placed not on Czech workers but on their German foremen. The number of minor, annoying railroad accidents has increased at a prodigious rate, and almost always the accidents occur with trains loaded with supplies for the Russian front. Of all the conquered peoples of Europe the Czechs are probably the most stubborn—and the cleverest—about their resistance to the Nazis.

Revealing Obituaries

"Tragic accidents" are also on the increase in occupied Poland. The Nazi governor of Lublin—the Polish district where many of Europe's homeless Jews are miserably quartered—announced that his secretary had died in a "tragic accident." Wilhelm Baum, former press attache for the Germans in Warsaw, died suddenly and "tragically." The head of a German meat and sausage factory in Cracow met his death in a "tragic accident." Scattered through obituary notices in German newspapers were small items about railway inspectors, government advisers, administrators and German business men who succumbed in Poland because of "tragic accidents."

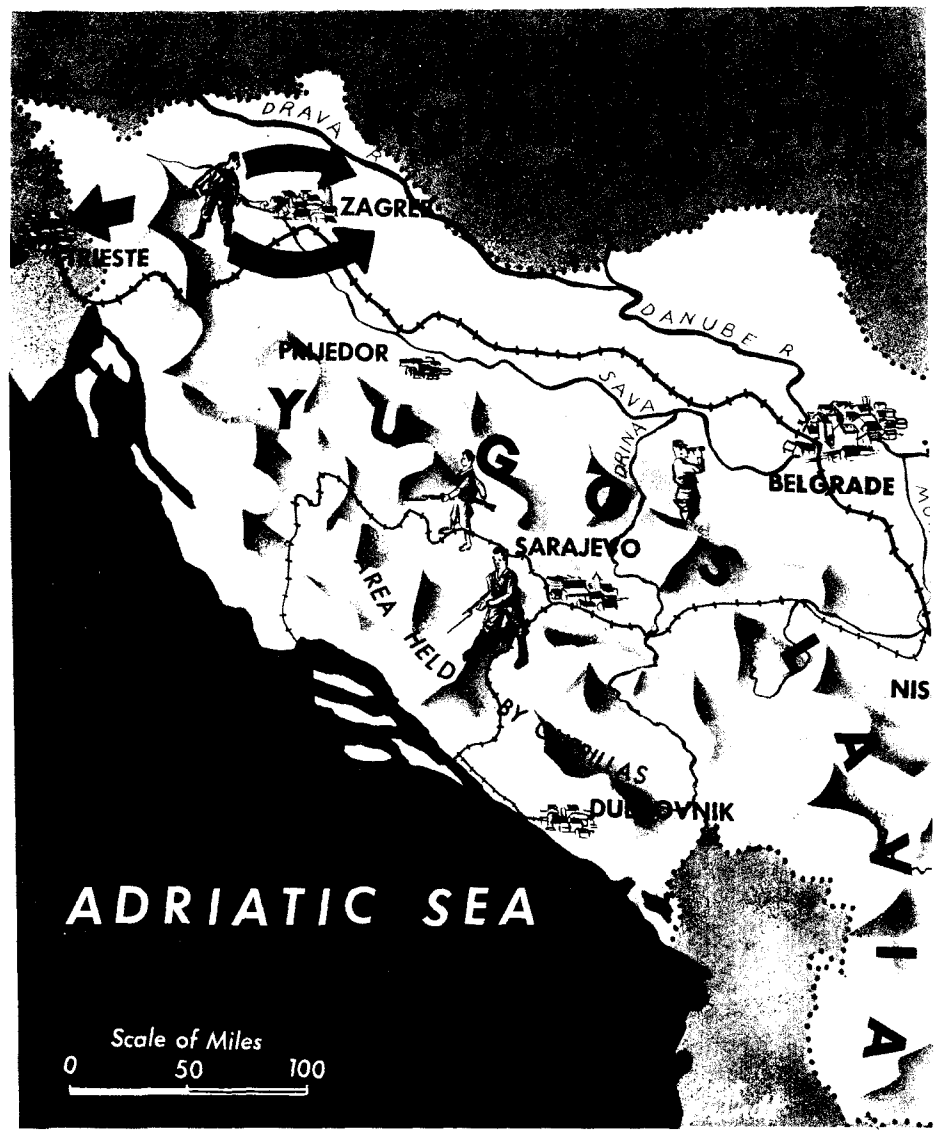
Worried Nazis Launch Terror

For all these "tragic" deaths, as well as for sabotage and resistance in any form, the conquered peoples pay a high price. Nothing in modern history even begins to parallel the Nazi terror in Poland. The Polish Government-in-exile estimates the number of Poles who have been executed by the Nazis at 250,000. This figure, coupled with the toll taken in Czechoslovakia, where an entire town was recently obliterated; with that of France, where the hostage system is daily applied; with Yugoslavia, where whole segments of the population are lined up and shot down; with Greece, where the Nazis are literally starving the people to death; with occupied portions of Russia, where prisoners are often shot on the pretext that the Germans lack the food to keep them alive—all these proofs of an increasing Nazi terror caused the various European governments-in-exile to appeal to President Roosevelt to do something to save their populations from total obliteration. Specifically, they wanted the President to warn the Germans of impending United Nations reprisals if wholesale executions continued.

"'V' for the Chetniks"

On one spot of the European map a V for Victory front had, indeed, turned into a second front. That was in Yugoslavia, where the stubborn, fierce Serbs have proved more than a match for German and Italian divisions sent to subdue them. It was estimated that the Serbian Chetniks under General Draja Mikhailovitch now control almost two-thirds of the country which Hitler once announced he had "conquered" in an eight-days' campaign.

This was a curious kind of warfare—guerrilla fighting waged with many of the aspects of regular Army campaigns. The Chetniks, for example, took several towns on the coast below Dubrovnik, the big and beautiful Adriatic port. They routed a force of more than 4,000 Italians out of the towns and captured what to them were "huge" quantities of ammunition. In Bosnia the Chetniks swept into the coal-mining center of Doberlin and killed, wounded or captured 3,000 Axis troops. Things were so bad for the Fascists that the Italian Navy was sent to shell Chetnik-held position on the Adriatic coast.



Fascists Declare Martial Law

In the north they were equally effective. They raided so far into Croatia that martial law was declared in Zagreb, the Croatian capital. They even made one or two forays into Italy, getting perilously near to the big Italian port city of Trieste. The Chetniks have attacked Yugoslavia's one main railway line leading from Belgrade to Nish so consistently that the Nazis have barely been able to keep it open for military traffic. West of that railway, in the mountainous and roadless interior, the Germans no longer even pretend to full control. The several narrow-gauge railroad lines crossing Yugoslavia from east to west could not be used at all.

The Albanians have staged several minor revolts against their Italian overlords and in the mountains of Greece there are still several thousand British troops fighting alongside Greek guerrilla units.

Millions of Spies

All over Europe the signs of revolt multiplied as the people of Europe believed and hoped that the opening of the second front was nearing. A food riot in a Paris restaurant in which Nazi soldiers were killed, a railroad accident at Nancy, a Belgian discovered to be manufacturing bombs, Dutch workmen so good at sabotage they had laid up an estimated 50% of Holland's rolling railroad stock, Polish peasants aiding Russian parachuters—all these and more too proved that the V front was ready and waiting for its supreme test.

The Nazis released an elaborate description of a new giant gun they said they had installed in Norway. According to them, its barrel was a good 60 feet long, the shell for it was longer than the height of two men, the diameter of the barrel was two feet six inches. It took 100 men to manage the gun. Describing it the Nazis obviously wanted to impress the Allies, but it was more than probable that the gun really existed only in the imagination of Nazi propagandists.

One thing the Allies have in Europe is tens of millions of willing spies. There could be no large German troop movement on the continent without the Allied generals in Europe being informed. All the governments-in-exile maintained well-established grape-vine communications with their own populations. All these populations needed to spring to action in a wave of unprecedented sabotage and revolt throughout the continent was a signal from London and Washington that the invasion of Europe was on.

Nazi Puppets Are Uneasy These Days

PIERRE LAVAL, pro-Nazi French Premier, and VIDKUN QUISLING, the Norwegian traitor who clings to Nazi apron strings for protection, are two of Europe's most nervous men today. By the grace of the Fuehrer they rule over occupied countries widely discussed as the most logical starting points for an Allied invasion. They know that when the invasion comes their people will rise to overthrow them and to help the Allied armies.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS FROM HOME

GHOST MOCKS BERLIN

War Headlines, Nazi Propaganda Stooges Fail to Halt Americans at Work, at War.

One day last week, Fred W. Kaltenbach, the Nazis' corn-fed American stooge who claims to be from Iowa, was conducting his nightly harangue via the Berlin shortwave radio. "The United States," lamented Brother Kaltenbach, "has changed. The spirit of the people is gone. They are starving, war-weary. Such an air of listlessness has settled over the country that America would be unrecognizable to anyone who knew it and loved it as I once did."

Just then, a startling thing occurred. A shadowy voice broke in on the Berlin wavelength. The voice was that of Moscow's famous shortwave heckler, Ivan the Terrible. But Ivan was not speaking his usual German. He was speaking English, in an accent that would make Mischa Auer wince. "Nuts," said Ivan, "in America, nothing is changed. The eating is good. The living is good. The only difference is that they are getting rid of some of the bums like you, ya bum."

With this, reports the CBS listening post in New York, both Berlin and Moscow went off the air.

We, personally, are fully in accord with Ivan. We don't know who he is—but he's wonderful, and we love him. And he's right. The war is making people work a little harder, think a little harder, worry a little harder. The headlines are hard to take, but beneath it all, the undercurrents that make up the bloodstream of our country, remain the same. The fact is undisputably proved in the headlines of the Los Angeles Times, the Emporia Gazette, and the Chinese bulletin board in San Francisco.

This week, for instance, people all over the country were worrying about the German drive into the Caucasus, the Japs still sitting in the Aleutians, the lack of news about a second front, the rise of East Coast shipping losses beyond the 400 ship mark.

But in New York City, a war movie—"Mrs. Miniver"—broke all records by remaining nine weeks at the Radio City Music Hall.

The harvest season found the United States with millions upon millions of bushels of wheat more than is needed. In Omaha, Nebraska, a 12-year old impresario named Jerry Young talked Abbott and Costello into performing in his backyard show for 70 cents, after the comedians had turned down $29,000 for an appearance in San Francisco.

Production records fell. Baseball attendance records fell. People found relief in a new Walt Disney feature named "Bambi," the story of a deer in a forest. Henry Ford sipped orange juice on his 79th birthday, and visualized the postwar period as a world filled with cargo planes.

HERE'S HOW. The argument over whether to use a jet of water or a spray in extinguishing incendiary bombs is settled—in New York, at least. Here, in Randalls Island stadium where test was held, a jet of water is employed. A spray was also used. The winner: jet.

Hopkins and bride

Mrs. Arthur Klammer of Kansas City finished her night shift at the North American Bomber plant, and then went to the hospital to have a baby. And up at Wahpeton, North Dakota, sailors from the Naval Training Center pitched in for three hours a day to help the local farmers with the wheat harvest.

Stories of spies and sabotage gripped the nation. Eight captured German saboteurs, fighting for their lives before a military commission in Washington, whined that they were merely trying to escape from the Nazi terror, and took their plea to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court threw it right back to the Military Commission, which rolled up its sleeves and prepared to deal roughly with the Nazis in accordance with the Articles of War.

In New York, a huge crowd bought $1,405,000 in war bonds at a rain-soaked party in front of the Public Library. In Miami Beach, civilians were barred from the beaches at night by M.P.'s armed with rifles and sidearms. In Chicago, the Army took over the Congress and the Stevens Hotels. The Danbury, Conn., Fair was cancelled. President Roosevelt called on America's songwriters to come

People Back Home—

Hollywood—Mrs. Victor Mature told the court that her "beautiful hunk of man" had sneaked away into the Coast Guard to avoid meeting her separate maintenance demands. She wants $525 a month pending her divorce suit. The court said it couldn't make an order against a man in the service, continued the case to August 19.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Two-year-old Claire Rominger fell from a second story window onto a truck. Damage: $12 worth, to the truck.

Chicago—Two more local landmarks—the Auditorium Hotel and the Auditorium Theater — offered their facilities to the war effort.

Jersey City, N. J.—The Army bought more than 1,200,000 books on all subjects in the first six months of 1942, announced the QM depot here. More than 4,000,000 additional books will be bought in the next twelve months.

Virginia Beach, Va.—In a temperature of 104 degrees, Camp Pendleton received a telegraphic request from service command headquarters for an immediate and detailed report on snow removal equipmen needed at the camp.

Wakefield, Mass.—The National Mat & Matting Company received an order from the White House for a nine-by-five fiber mat to replace the rubber doormat given to the rubber salvage campaign.

Marion, Ohio—Sidney Brown, fire-eater, was treated for burns about the chest. While eating fire at a carnival, he dribbled gasoline on his vest and it burst into flames.

Fort Hancock, N. J.—The lighthouse on Sandy Hook will be darkened for the first time in 178 years. The light is out for the duration because of its nearness to Hancock.

New York—Mrs. Antoinette Brasquies told the court that her husband hit her every time the RAF raided Germany. She decided things had gone too far when the 1,000-plane raid came to Cologne. She is suing for separation.

Greenwich, Conn.—The daily newspaper, Greenwich Time, purchased the weekly paper, The Greenwich Press. Time has been published for 71 years; the Press, 32 years.

Bethany, Mo.—Patriotic thieves made off with the flag and flagpole of the Bethany Post Office.

Bucyrus, Ohio—The local USO sent out a request for a piano to use in its soldiers' service center. Before the day was over, six pianos had been offered.

San Antonio, Texas—Robert S. Allen, co-author of the daily political column, "The Washington Merry-Go-Round," was called to active duty as a major and appointed assistant public relations officer of the Third Army.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The harbor tug YT-185, first Navy vessel built here since the days of World War I, has been launched by the Niagara Shipbuilding Corporation.

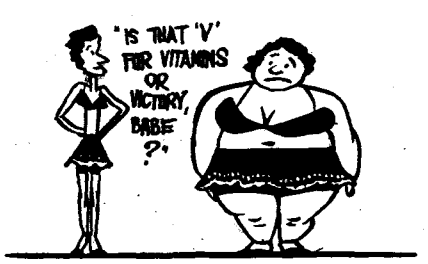
Cooperstown, N. Y.—Pietro di Donato, author of the best-selling novel, "Christ in Concrete," entered the conscientious objectors' camp here. He will work on forestry projects and pest control.

New York—Sentenced to electrocution for the 1929 slaying of a pocketbook manufacturer were Jacob Weiss, erstwhile No. 1 strong-arm man of the Lepke-Gurrah gang; Harry Epstein, former executive member of the International Pocketbook Makers Union; and Jacob Simmons, union gorilla in the garment racket. Their victim had been beaten to death with a lead pipe when the gang learned he planned to move out of their territory.

Los Angeles—Beverly Hills Bel Air real estate appraisers announced that $500,000 estates can be bought for $150,000. The eight-year-old home of Warner Baxter (building cost, $400,000) can be had for $85,000. At $50 a month, take about 140 years to pay off the mortgage. That's all.

Indianapolis—Carole Lombard, who died in a plane crash while returning from a War Bond campaign in her native Indiana, was commemorated by a special squadron of Navy air cadets from that state. They will call themselves the "Lombardiers" in her honor.

Nashville, Tenn.—A "letter to the editor" called on all prohibitionists to refuse to ride on tires made of alcoholic rubber. "Let us refuse this product of an evil industry," said the ardent writer, "in any way, shape or form."



Del Monte, Calif.—A Fort Ord major told a meeting of California business women that WAAC's chief hazard for women is that Army life usually brings an increase in weight.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up with some snappy war songs. And in Nahunta, Georgia, a horse, stopped during a test blackout, bit into a low-hanging light bulb and was electrocuted.

President Roosevelt and Leon Henderson wrestled with inflation. The Senate wrestled with a $24,000,000 revenue bill. Everyone, including Chief Justice Stone and London's Dr. Chaim Weizmann, wrestled with the problem of synthetic rubber. On top of the gasoline shortage, the East Coast states underwent a meat shortage and faced a fuel oil shortage this coming winter.

But "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" continued as Number One on the Hit Parade. Superman again saved Lois' life in the comic strip. The Maritime Commission announced that American shipyards broke all records in July with 71 new merchant ships. 11,000 boxing fans turned out to see Ray Robinson beat Sammy Angott in Madison Square Garden. 20,000 boxing fans turned out to see an amateur card in Hollywood's American Legion Stadium. The aircraft carrier "Essex" was launched. The side paddle-wheel steamer "Greater Buffalo" left its Great Lakes run to become an aircraft carrier for the Navy.

Ford and birthday visitor

Aircraft Carrier Essex

The mayor of Philadelphia drove six neighbors downtown to work, in order to conserve gas.

Senator James M. Mead received more and more support for the democratic nomination for the governor of New York. "Pappy" O'Daniel faced a run-off with James V. Allred in the Texas senatorial primary. Buell campaigned in Massachusetts. Pierce campaigned in Oregon. Happy Chandler was accused by his opponent of building a swimming pool in violation of priorities.

The President asked for steps to register the entire nation for war work, including women. The OCD decided that the best way to douse an incendiary bomb was with a solid jet of water rather than a fine spray.

Harry Hopkins was married to Louise Macy in a quiet ceremony at the White House. Mary Botelho was married to Lawrence Pacheco in St. Anthony's Church, Cambridge, Mass., with the bridal party going to and from the church in a trolley car. The Sandy Hook lighthouse was darkened for the first time since 1764. General Electric began production of a blackout street lamp that gives illumination equal to only 1/60 of a full moon.

King Haakon of Norway gave a medal to Mrs. Florence Borden Harriman. Mayor LaGuardia gave medals to nine New York street cleaners for capturing gunmen, saving people from drowning, and snatching babies from burning houses. Joe Ravetti of New York, sent the government his Italian medals, to be returned to the Axis in the form of bullets. A man who didn't get off a train in time at Greeley, Colorado, sued the railroad for "abduction" and "false imprisonment." And a man in Brooklyn set his mother-in-law's house on fire.

No, Brother Kaltenbach, America hasn't changed at all.

A Good Ole Fashion' Moiduh

NEW YORK—It's still the good old U.S.A., chums. Prohibition may be gone and Capone incommunicado, but they still get bumped off. Just to prove to you that the gunfire isn't confined to Europe and Asia, here are the details on a real, old-fashioned American shootin' match.

It was 1:15 A.M. along the Main Stem, but a lot of guys were still out walking with their tomatoes, because it was a hot night. Upstairs at 846 Seventh Avenue, between 54th and 55th, a few of the boys were playing bridge in what they call the White House Association. There was Robert Greene, a big bookie, and Dimples Wolenski, who was one of Lepke's shavetails, and there was Sam Adelman, who managed the club. They were hoisting a few and playing bridge like real gents. Everything was peace and quiet.

Then somebody walked in the door. Whoever he was, he was wearing a black mask and he had a roscoe in his hand and he hadn't come up to bid four spades.

The stranger upped with his roscoe and got Dimples on the wing—smack behind the left ear. He dropped like Camilli's batting average.

Greene got to his feet, shielding his puss with both hands. The gorilla in the mask kept shooting. One of his bullets grazed Greene's left arm, another smashed the index finger of his right hand.

The third bullet smacked him in the shoulder and roared down into his lung. He toppled, dead.

The killer high-tailed it out of the club and escaped.

City's bulls had little to go on. Adelman was too badly shaken to remember what the torpedo had looked like. And Greene and Wolenski weren't talking. They were strictly out of this world.

"It looks like the mobs are back again," a flatfoot said.

Passerbys gave information that had the cops believing the killer might have had a confederate waiting outside. People walked by the club, which is a mere spit and a holler from the Park Central Hotel, where they knocked off Arnold Rothstein in 1928, said that they saw a man come from the club, meet another man, and walk hurriedly away.

And it seems that there was a blonde sitting in a red roadster, and when she heard the shots she shoved her roadster in gear and took a powder . . .

Fourteen hours later, Max Fox, a 48-year-old gambler, confessed the killings. He said he had avenged a betting double-cross.

It's still the good old U.S.A.

Albany, N. Y.—The State Agriculture Department announced that 38 county fairs will be held in New York this year and 16 have been canceled.

North Tonawanda, N. Y.—John Keegan was fined $5 for not going through a traffic light. He fell asleep waiting for the light to change and tied up traffic at a busy intersection.

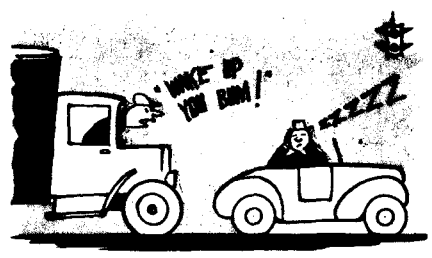
New York — A new campaign began quietly with an ad in the "public notices" columns of The Times: "Our country must have scrap iron urgently. Join us in demanding immediate demolition Third Avenue El."

Washington—The War Department announced that about 60 per cent of the graduates from Officer Candidate Schools up to June 30, 1942, were draftees. Total draftee officers: 10,318.

Boyleston, Pa.—Among the six persons arrested in a roadhouse raid was a "morals agent" assigned by the State Department of Labor and Industry to guard against indecent shows there. The "agent" was found tending bar.

Wilton, Conn.— Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera baritone, injured his spine at a swimming party where the male guests decided to "be boys again." Tibbett slipped and fell on a stone while broadjumping.

Nevada, Mo.—The fire department got an anxious telephone call from a woman who said that a dynamite bomb had been left at her house. Firemen found a brown-paper package which looked and felt like dynamite sticks. Unwrapping it cautiously, they found three ears of sweet corn.



Portland, Ore.—A bus driver stopped a motorist to give a quick trip to the hospital for an imminently expectant mother on his bus. The motorist was already on his way to the maternity hospital with another anxious passenger. Both babies were born later in the day.

Fort Huachuca, Ariz.—Peter Hardley Jr., staff sergeant in a Negro outfit, turned down a promotion and an $18 raise so that he could continue carrying the flag in his regimental color guard. He has been colorbearer for 15 of his 24 years in the Army.

Spokane—Deputy Prosecutor Ed Lehan got his orders on the 27th of the month to report for duty as a second lieutenant on the 24th.

Hollywood—Warner Brothers made plans for a new service picture, "Champions Training Champions," to feature Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney in their military work. The film will be made with the cooperation of the Army, the Navy and the Coast Guard.

Washington—Robert P. Patterson, Undersecretary of War, said that no more leaves will be granted Army personnel to campaign for elective public office. Granting of such leaves began in the fall of 1940, when National Guard and Reserve officers were called to duty.

San Jose, Calif.—An estimate of the California Cooperative Crop Reporting Service put this year's prune crop at 166,000 tons, lowest since the poor season of 1936.

Miami Beach, Fla.—Army officials told residents of waterfront hotels to stay off the beaches. Armed guards were posted along the shore to enforce the ban.

Hutchinson, Kans.— Cow Creek, crossed by 13 fairways of the Country Club golf course, overflowed the farm of James Redd and dumped bushels of lost balls on the land. Redd got $200 from the sale of balls.

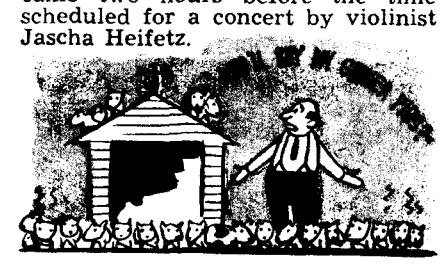
Carlsbad, N. M.—The bats in Carlsbad Caverns, which have left the caverns every day at sundown for thousands of years, went on daylight saving time, began coming out an hour earlier.

Kansas City—Clarence and Lawrence Heflin, twins, were rejected by the Naval aviation cadet selection office, because they weighed 185 pounds each, 13 pounds above the limit. They returned together ten days later, each weighing 171.

Fort Devens, Mass.—A major in a jeep stopped two soldiers whose field packs dangled from their belts. Asked the major, sarcastically: "Parachute battalion?" Replied the GI's, politely: "No, sir. Sunburn."

Cambridge, Mass.—Harvard inaugurated a course in guerrilla warfare, which it called the first in any college. Enrollment, 200.

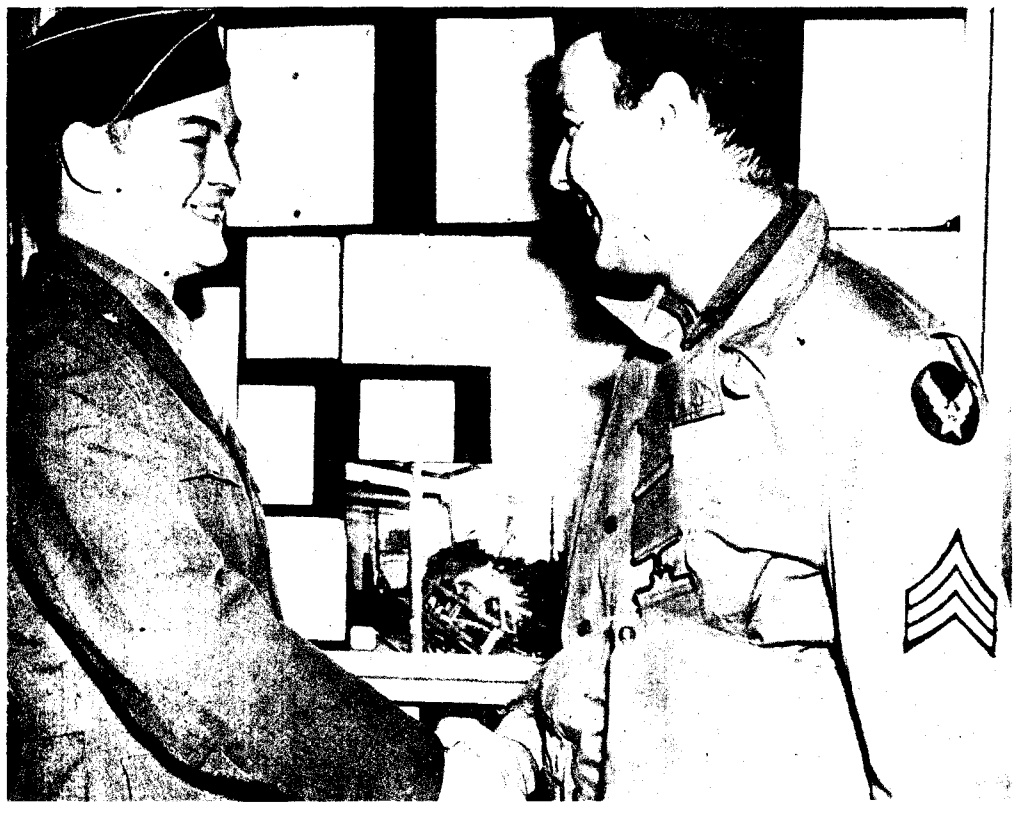
New York—A bolt of lightning struck Lewisohn Stadium, wrecking the orchestra shell, the stage and four small buildings. The collapse came two hours before the time scheduled for a concert by violinist Jascha Heifetz.



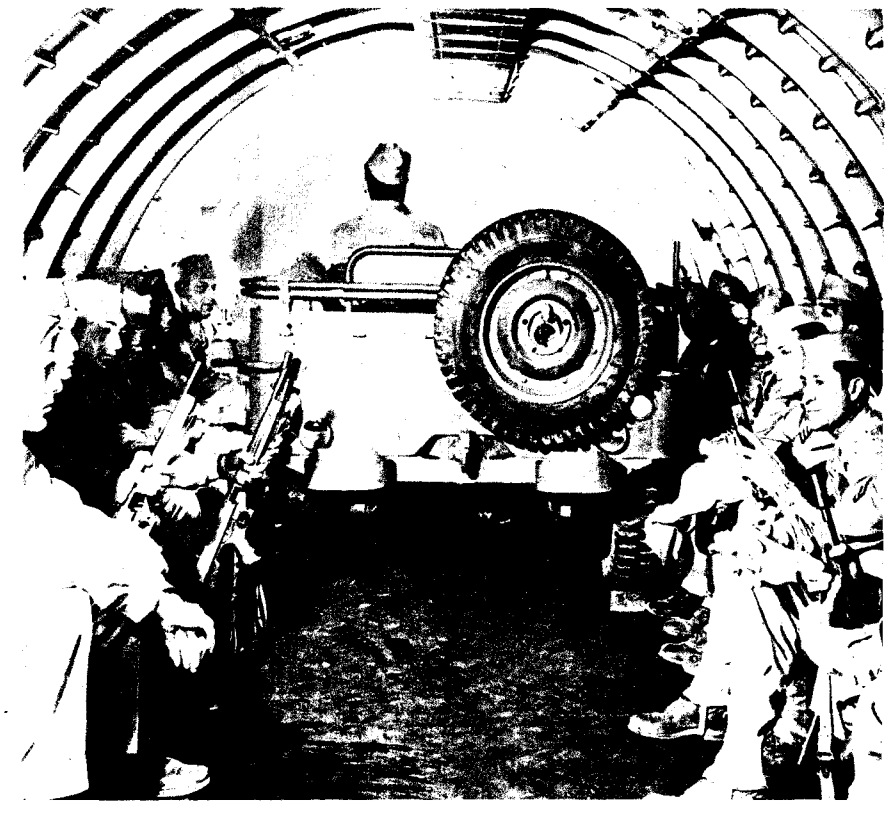
Dallas, Texas—William T. Hamilton, who went into business two years ago with garage and only two productive units, asked that zoning regulations be changed so that he can put his business into a larger building. His business is guinea pigs.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During a brief rest in his successful retreat from Burma to India, Lieut. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell checks his sub-machine gun. At the head of his band (photo at right) of 114 Americans, Burmese, British, Chinese and Indians, the veteran warrior marched twenty days through wild country before reaching India.



REUNION Cpl. Daniel Boone and Sgt. James Stevens both attended the same college in Kentucky. They hadn't seen each other since student days. Now—both soldiers—they meet in the Washington Club for service men in London.

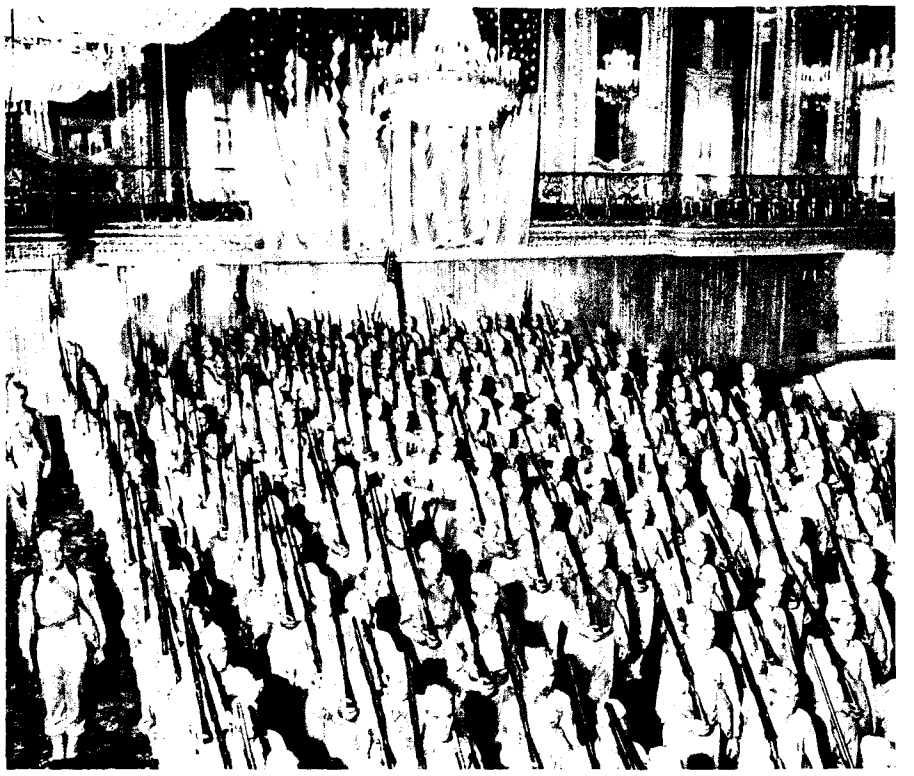


INSIDE STOR Fully equipped infantrymen occupy spec seats alongside mobile equipment in a ne mando (C-46) military transport, the world's largest twin-engined a test. The Commando has 108-foot wingspan, weighs 50,000 pound

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soldiers at Fort MacArthur, Cal., have selected blonde Marjorie Woodworth and brunette Jane Russell of the movies as their ideal girls. From over here, it doesn't seem to be a bad idea.

These Camp Custer soldiers didn't accept help from the doorman when they arrived at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago to train as Air Force radio technical students.



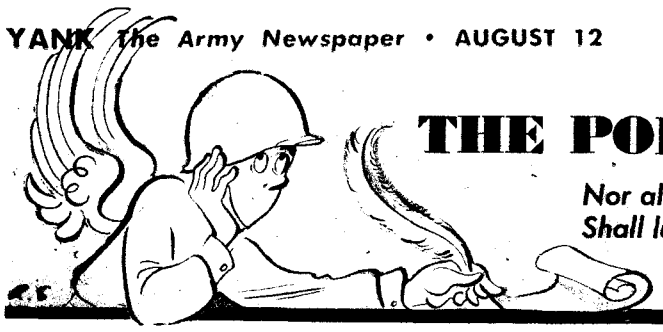
Soldiers from Camp Custer, Mich., march without an orchestra in Chicago's Hotel Stevens, one of two hotels there which are to house students of Air Force radio technical school.

The Sergeant is operating a handy-talkie, a new hand set radio receiver and transmitter turned out by the Signal Corps. A push-to-talk button switches it from receiving to sending.

These gasping parachuters at an East Coast base would rather swim, even with full equipment. They're trained to be not only birds but amphibians, in case they land in the drink instead of a tree.

lesigned
iss Com-
, during

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

THE MAN WITH THE SHOVEL

It was once upon a Tuesday, in the merry month of June
There was born a little boy, and in his mouth a silver spoon.
He had a thousand silken diapers, and an air-conditioned crib,
His milk was brought from pure-breds in a diamond-crusted bib.

As he grew his life was sheltered, and his pants were valet-pressed,
But he wasn't left to venture from his little golden nest.
Soon his beard proclaimed his manhood, and his father kicked the bucket,
Saying, "Son, life's just a lollipop; just sit you back and suck it."

So the guy became a playboy, and he had a lot of fun,
Until there came the fatal day when we took up our gun;
And he opened up the mailbox; and he thought that he was balmy
When a little card informed him of his entrance to the Army.

Now his diamond-crusted bib has been transformed into fatigues,
And his dapper little slippers are the boots of seven leagues;
He digs the deepest ditches and he scrubs the cleanest floors
And he does his private laundry back of most un-private doors.

With his jaw unhinged and open, he proclaimed, "This cannot be!
They can do this thing to others, but they *can't* do this to me!"
Now he's digging *deeper* ditches, but he's whittled down to size,
Knowing well now that it *can* be, and he's very Army-wise.

Pvt. Bob Tourin
Reception Center Gazette
Fort Dix

"HOME, HOME ON THE BASE"

(Sung to the Tune of—You Know What)

Oh, give me a case, and a cool, shady place
Where a sand flea can never be seen;
With a girl at my side, I will holler with pride:
"Oh, I'm happy to be a Marine."

Home, home on the base,
Where the chasers and work-details play;
Where seldom is seen an unhappy Marine,
And the M.P.'s are grouchy all day.

Oh, give me a horse for the obstacle course,
And a valet to carry my gear;
With a new pair of feet, and a cure for the heat,
I'd be happy to stay here all year.

Oh, give me some change and a big Post Exchange
Where I won't have to stand in a line.
With a USO show every three days or so,
And a messhall exclusively *mine*.

Home, home on the base,
Where recon cars and jeep drivers play.
Where we dream of our fill of chow and sack drill,
And a bugler who's gagged every day.

Pfc. G. L

YOUR NOSE KNOWS

How to tell the Gases

M-1

Grandma smelled geranium,
Started feeling kind of bum.
Sure, you guessed the trouble right
Grandma whiffed some Lewisite.

PS

Don't you find my odor sweetish?
Said flypaper to the fly.
I smell just like chloropicrin,
And you'll think you'd like to die.

CG

Maud Muller on a summer day,
Smelled the odor of new-mown hay.
She said to the Judge who was turning green,
"Put on your mask! That there's phosgene!"

CN

Apple blossoms, fresh and dewy?
Normandy and romance? Hooey
For the charming fragrance then known,
Now is chloracetaphenone.

HS

Never take some chances if
Garlic you should strongly sniff
Don't think Mussolini's passed,
Man, you're being mustard-gassed

Fairfax Downey
Major, Field Artillery

THE MAN WHO WENT TO EARLY CHOW

He figures up the shots you need
He checks on just the way you bleed
He puts in everything you owe
He knows just where you're gonna go
He watches your close order drill
He smiles at KP's fit to kill
He loves to chitchat with the guard
And he leaves camp when leaves are barred
Three vertical butt-strokes for the jerk,
That friend of all, the COMPANY CLERK

Pvt. Ray Palmer

Mail Call

DEAR YANK:

Some time ago you opened a Department of Utter Nostalgia with a beautiful reproduction of the familiar Chicago Butter and Eggs dispatch. Then you let the damned thing die without a single encore. You might not believe it, but I haven't seen a paper from home in six months. None of these papers down here have "personal" columns in the classified advertisements, and I used to read the damned things every night at home. Would you give a lonesome jeep a break and reprint a few agony items?

SGT. D. McC.
Camp Butner, N. C.

DEAR YANK:

What's cookin' ED? I'll answer that one pronto! All of us!! We're not only cookin', we're burnin' up. For years the Navy has had two pay days a month and still we get an aerial visit from the Eagle only once a month. Now, as if it ain't bad enough half the month, they kill all our jaw bone.

I say let 'em kill the jaw bone. That's OK, but by gosh at the same time they should start paying the Army twice a month. It's OK if you can sign "chits" at the officers' club, but it's darn tough when you gotta budget for four weeks. Let the Eagle visit semi-monthly. That's our cry!!

PFC. J. L. S.
Mitchel Field

DEAR YANK:

There is a man in our outfit who drank 21 beers at one setting. Our outfit bets that no other outfit in the A.E.F. can beat a record like that. It was warm beer, too, which is the kind they got over here.

CPL. TONY MACCIO
England

DEAR YANK:

What the hell is this—the Army Newspaper or a dumping ground for the Lamp and Chain Poetry Society? This latest thing, this mother's lament about roughened speech and cruel face-lines, would go well in the Biblical Recorder or the Quarterly Quatrain, but it ain't G.I. Give us more of the short, funny ones and less of these shelter-half Shelleys. By God, we're in the Army and we want to read Army poetry.

PVT. A. S.
Fort Meade, Md.

DEAR YANK:

Congratulations to Pfc. Charles W. Vogel of Perrin Field, Texas. His poem, "Lines from a Mother's Letter," which appeared in today's issue of YANK, is one of the finest pieces of poetry that I have seen come from the Army yet. I look forward to seeing more of Vogel's poetry in forthcoming issues.

S/SGT. A. M.
Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

DEAR YANK:

Boy, what a sqwark I can sqwark. Our company cook takes cosmoline off of rifles and uses it to fry the bacon in. A man can hardly eat the bacon. Boy, did you ever hear of a cook like that? We're going to get him outside the mess hall and stuff cosmoline down his mouth. Then he'll be sorry. This is fair warning.

THE AVENGERS
Texas

DEAR YANK:

It was about time somebody said a kind word for the infantry, like in your editorial "Foot Soldiers."

I've been kicking the gravels around for longer than some of these "glammer boys" have been out of grade school, and I'm still sticking with it.

Thanks again for the plug.

S/SGT. M. R. K.
Alabama

Words Across the Sea

Sgt. A.W. Underwood is serving in his second war. He was wearing the uniform in 1917 and he's wearing it again today. He wants to send a message to his son who's somewhere on the Pacific aboard a U.S. battleship that's been through the Battle of Java. "Keep your chin up," the Sgt. says. "I'm in there too, doing all I can. I did it in the last war, and I'm sure you'll do it in this one."

Sgt. Dave Decker has "somewhere in the Caribbean" for his address. He's in an Air Base group there. His friend Bob Wilday is in the Engineers somewhere in Alaska. To Bob, Dave says, "Salem is the same old place, but these days it's awfully dead. There aren't even girls around any more. All out of town working in defense plants and so on. We're split apart pretty far now, but could be I'll be seeing you."

William Edward Riecker, as you can tell by his uniform, is fighting the war on the ocean. Bill's a seaman first class on submarine service. He has a cousin in the Infantry in the Canal Zone. To the Panama private Bill says, "Get a Nazi spy for me. All the folks at home are well. Hope you make that next rating."

L.A.C. Vincent Jacques is in the States on leave from air training in Saskatchewan. Jacques is from Yorkshire and has been in the service for 18 months. He wants his message to get to R.G. Stack, Air Force Command Auxiliary Flight Officer (British). "When in England," Jacques says, "drink my health in English beer at the Gadnum Hotel." Beer in the U.S. is okay according to Jacques, but sometimes he gets homesick for the English variety.

Pfc. Myron Pickett is stationed at Palm Beach, Florida, and wears the blue piping of the Infantry on his cap. He's been in service for 15 months and has a message for Sgt. Walt. Cardell in a Paratroop outfit somewhere overseas. "Keep the spirits up the way we used to back in camp. Things are pretty much the same here. Thanks for all the swell tips you gave me before you left. Hope I'll be seeing you before too long."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 12, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 9
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

ARMY BOSSES

One of our boys, wandering around the camps down South, brought back the story of a couple of regimental commanders who believe in showing their outfit who's boss, but doing it in a way any dogface would appreciate.

The first CO drove around the area in a staff car strictly GI from the ground up, but on the side, lettered to stand out against the OD paint job, he had painted his military title so there'd be no mistake—"The Old Man."

When this colonel was transferred, his successor scratched out "The Old Man," and substituted his own identification—"The Green Hornet."

It's this sort of thing that characterizes what the old timers like to call "The New Army." A breakdown in the old heel-clicking is being accomplished without injury to the discipline and power of command in an Army which is as modern as tomorrow's news. Applied psychology is replacing the "drill master" technique.

In a new book on leadership, a West Pointer has written 96 pages which everybody from the newest Hollywood corporal to the Old Man himself would find interesting and profitable. He gets over the idea that officers and men are human beings, and shows how an officer can get the best out of his outfit without cracking the bull whip.

He discusses situations without pulling his punches, as in this example describing officer types:

"At one extreme, unfortunately, is the unreasonable martinet, imbued with exaggerated ideas of rank and authority, using his conferred status to impress subordinates with his military and social superiority, assuming a caste which has no place in American institutions. At the other extreme is the officer who neglects or ignores the distinction that prevails in all armies between officers and men, the officer who permits familiarities that, unless he is an extraordinary leader indeed, will destroy his prestige. Enlisted men understand and appreciate the reasons and the necessities which generally prevent undue familiarity, and except in the most unusual cases, have little but contempt for the officer who, forgetting his own place, deliberately crosses the dividing line into *their* terrain."

The true leader is an officer whose job "is not alone one of housekeeping, of training, of example, of command; it enters just as completely into his men's thinking as into their physical existence." Human understanding, humor and personality supplement the essentials of sound knowledge, physical courage and ability to command.

He calls for *leaders*, not drivers.

This "new Army," as they call us, is headed in the direction of camaraderie and mutual trust and faith between officers and men. It's a more personal army than it has ever been before.

When the chips are down, give us more "Skippers," fewer "Commanding Officers."

"See here, Harvey, you are not going to wear those bars on your pajamas!"

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Pound Depreciates

Ezra Pound, the American "poet" living in Rome, did a shortwave broadcast last week in which he ridiculed the decadent way of life in America, as compared with the virile, healthy, beautiful existence in Fascist Italy. An hour later, he put in his *fourth* request for shipment back to the United States in a projected exchange of nationals.

Request was disapproved.

Whatsa Matter, Admiral?

During the height of the Battle of Midway, Lt. William Christie, pilot of an American bomber, intercepted the following message from the Mogami, flagship of the Jap fleet:

"This is Admiral ——— We have been bombed. Please send Japanese vessels immediately and take me off. We are going to sink. Please hurry. I am afraid that more American planes will come. Please somebody come and get me. I *command* you to come immediately. This is Admiral ———."

Signally Mysterious

In West Orange, N. J., this week, the juke box in Flynn's Tavern suddenly stopped giving out with jive. Instead it gave out with such alarming things as "Plane 77 ordered to Washington", secret military weather reports, and other vital G.I. data.

Flynn called the police. The police called the FBI. The FBI called the Federal Communications Commission. The FCC man restored the juke box to musical normalcy.

Flynn still doesn't know how it happened, even though the FCC man muttered darkly about a bad tube in the loudspeaker converting the juke box into a short wave receiver. Flynn leans to the simpler theory of a corporal patron of his. The corporal tells of the recent arrival at nearby Newark Airport of a group of recruits, fresh from the Signal Corps Replacement Training Center at Fort Monmouth.

The Art of Unloading

Three San Francisco stevedores, unloading a cargo of nuts from Ecuador for the Army, sampled same and went promptly to an emergency hospital.

The Health Department investigated, and immediately closed the case. The nuts were a substitute for G.I. castor oil beans.

And Dan'l Boone Was Guide

DEBUNK, the Berlin radio station claiming to be operating from within the United States, insists that a great naval battle was fought off the coast of Hoboken, in which three U. S. Army transports were sunk by a German submarine. DEBUNK further asserts that the terrified residents of Hoboken fled inland to Cincinnati.

Will You Do the Dishes, Captain?

Captain Wilbur Davis, the post range officer at Fort Devens, Mass., went home as usual one evening last week. When he arrived, however, things were not as usual. He was outranked. During the day, his wife had been promoted to major in the Massachusetts Women's Defense Corps.

Application for Vacation

Found in the pockets of a German lieutenant captured on the Russian front were documents proving that many units had been transferred from France and Belgium for Hitler's great offensive in the East. In the same lieutenant's wallet, according to Ilya Ehrenbourg, Soviet War Correspondent, was a half-made-out request for duty in (1) France, (2) Belgium or (3) North Africa.

Audiences

The Germans had a parade down Paris's Champs Elysees. A photographer stood on top of the Arc de Triumphe and took a shot of a two-mile strength of the avenue. Watching the parade were 14 persons—ten on the right and four on the left.

A Lucky Man

The following communique was received by Local Board No. 12 in Washington, from a man who had been classified as 3A:

"My wife has left me and said she would not come back, so I am sending you my card. I guess you know what to do."

They did.

We'll Take the Hi Wave . . .

Last week, the Navy came out with a new slogan for its enlistment campaign, which read as follows:

"Join the Navy, and give the Japs their half of the ocean.

" . . . The bottom half!"

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, T/Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig.; Layout, S/Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Asst. M.E., S/Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Pictures, Pvt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, S/Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Sports, Cpl. Joe McCarthy, FA.; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

Washington: S/Sgt. Donald McGuire, F.A.
London: S/Sgt. Robert Moora, Inf.
Australia: Cpl. E. J. Kahn, Jr.
Caribbean: Cpl. Robert G. Ryan.
Marines: Plat. Sgt. Riley Aikman.

Officer in Charge, Lt. Col. Egbert White; Business Manager, Major Franklin S. Forsberg; Executive Editor, Capt. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Lt. Sam Humphfus.

EDITORIAL OFFICE:
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETWEEN the LINES

THE COG WITH DIMPLES

Will Miss Peaches Wickersham please step forward?

Miss Peaches Wickersham is another vital cog in the war effort. Miss Wickersham is 22 years old. She has black hair in quantity and she also has dimples. Miss Wickersham wears tight dresses because a sergeant once told her that she sure was stacked up.

The sergeant was a genius at understatement and he has no taste in women. Look at Miss Wickersham! She is built like the traditional brick outhouse, but the corners have not been knocked off. She makes a well-fed fraülein look bird-legged. She is also broad across the bottom and her chest is, to say the least, somewhat exaggerated. Her sex appeal is merely a vitamin deficiency. Miss Wickersham is a mess.

Before the war, Miss Wickersham lived in a little town 27 miles from here and clerked in the five-and-ten. The boys in town never looked at her. Instead, they dated the girls who worked at the pickle plant and Miss Wickersham had nothing to do on Sunday afternoon but go to the meetings of the Tea and Topics Club, which drank cherry cokes and had only one topic, which was You Know What.

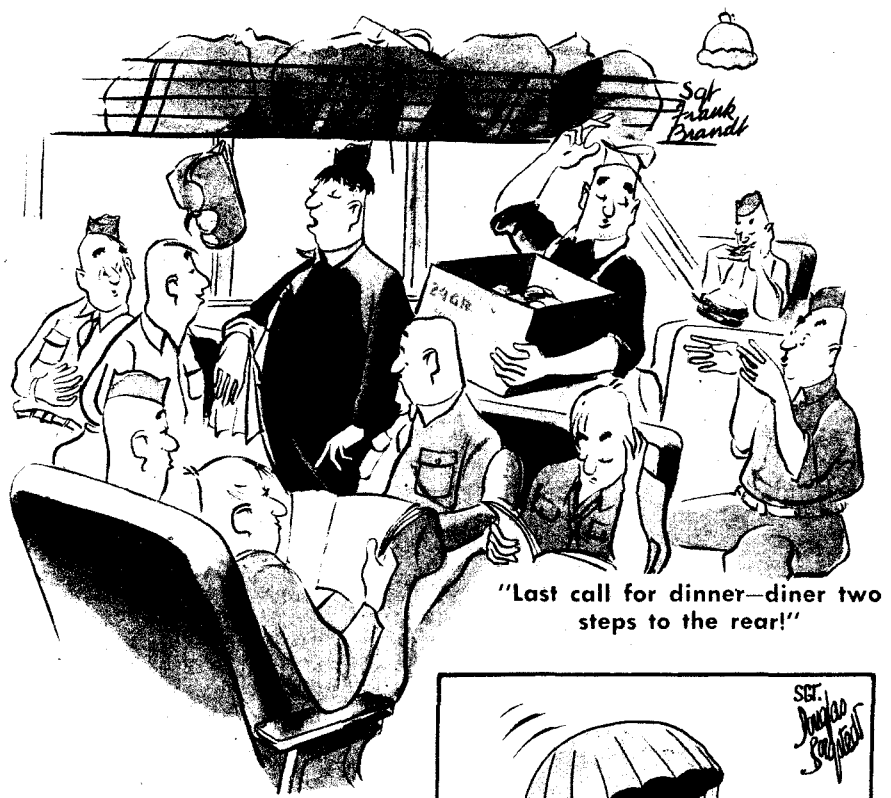
Then came the war and Peaches answered her country's call. Now there is romance in her life. Numbers of gallant soldiers wink at her and remark to each other that she sure is stacked up. She has even been pinched by a master sergeant.

This makes Peaches very, very happy and sometimes she just stands there for hours, looking into space and thinking of this soldier and that soldier and the master sergeant who pinched her.

Miss Peaches Wickersham still weighs as much as ever and she has not grown more beautiful with the passing months. But she is in a much better spot than she was in when she was clerking at the five-and-ten. She is clerking at the Army exchange.

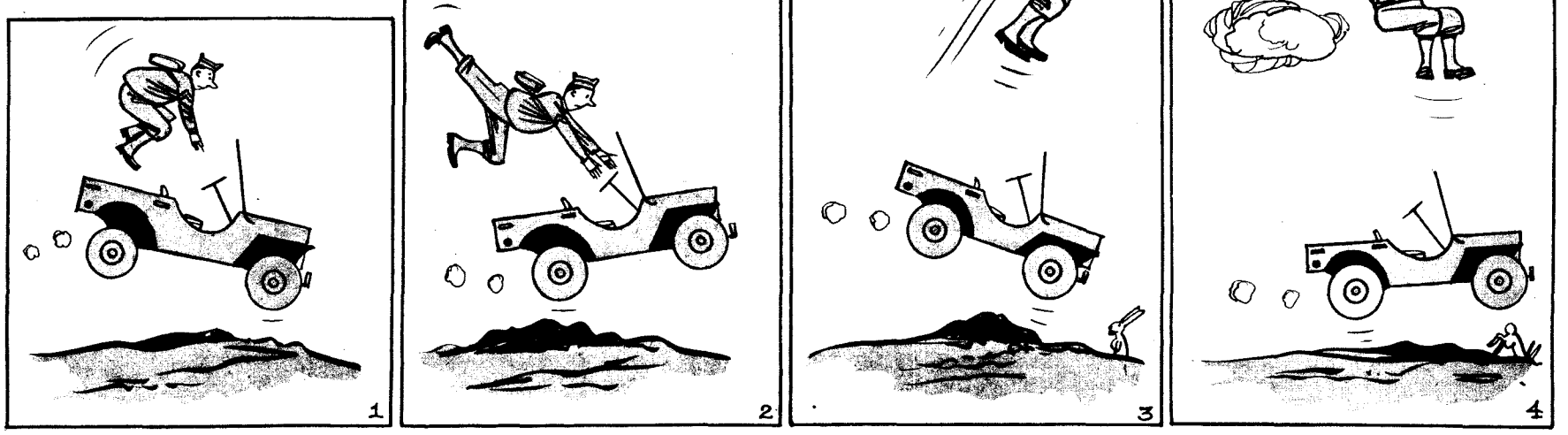
Now that she has romance, let us get an assistant to do her work while she is sparking and mooning. God knows she needs one.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove



"Last call for dinner—diner two steps to the rear!"

CPL. PETE & HIS JEEP—



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Emperor OF Japan

Illustration by Hon. Superior-Sgt. Hashimura Stein
Wordage by Hon. Inferior-Cpl. Hashimura Hargrove

"If the brass hats didn't keep up the old malarkey, Hirohito would be just another royal jerk."

LET us look now with dark glasses and trembling upon the radiant face of His Sublime Majesty, Hirohito, the Son of Heaven and the Emperor of Japan. Is it not, by the grace of God and American razor blades, a handsome and clean-cut countenance?

His Celestial Radiance here is the 124th emperor in an unbroken dynasty, if you're willing to count adoptions and yard-children as legal heirs. He is a direct descendant of the emperor Jimmu, who was the great great great grandson of the Sun Goddess. Jimmu was the lad who founded the dynasty on February 11, 660 B.C. Although there were no written records until 300 years or more later, the Japanese do not quibble over the date.

Junior's name means "magnanimous and exalted," but nobody ever calls him by his name anyway. When he ascended to the throne he took the name "Showa," which means "radiant peace." It's wonderful!

Ascending the throne was a simple ceremony for little Radiant Peace. All he had to do was to scoot up to the temple and inform his honorable ancestors that he was taking over. Since then, he has had to pay occasional visits to the spirit of his grandmother, the Sun Goddess, to let her know what was cooking.

Could His Celestial Radiance sunbathe in his reflected glory?

It would have been silly for him to be crowned. In the first place, there isn't any crown and in the second place, His Sublime Majesty is a god and outranks any archbishop they could have got for the doings.

Hirohito also outranks all the other gods in Japan, except his grandmother. Every soldier killed in battle is entered on the roster as a god and there were more than 80,000,000 gods before General MacArthur's boys started helping the list along. These offer no competition to the Son of Heaven, though.

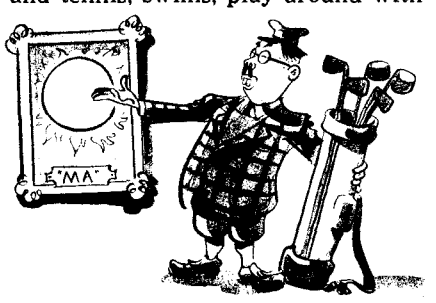
Since he is a descendant of the sun, the S. of H. is regarded literally as hot stuff by his 70,000,000 dog-robbers. When one approaches the emperor, he does not wear his coat or complain about the room being dark. The Mikado is heat and light, and a direct view of him will cause blindness. Since the Japanese have bad eyes anyway, they take no chances. They even cover his picture with tissue or cellophane.

Looking straight at the emperor is nothing compared with looking down at him. That is such an awful thing that when the Tower of Tokyo, which was being built as a local guardhouse, was found to have a view overlooking the imperial palace, the gildersleeves dropped the whole project.

The mustn't-look rule is not half so sacred as the mustn't-touch. The emperor's physicians and tailors have to be especially careful. At long last, the medicos are allowed to come around in silk gloves, but the tailors still have to stand off and guess about his waistline.

The Son of Heaven never wears the same clothes twice, and when he shucks off his BVD's he never sends them to the laundry. He makes a present of them to a favored stooge, who treasures them for the rest of his days and passes them down the line in his will.

Since it is considered undignified for the emperor to have anything to do with the government, he has a pretty easy day of it. He plays golf and tennis, swims, play around with a microscope and does amateur photography on the side. He doesn't have to worry about getting top billing on tomorrow's front page, because any time the empress writes a sonnet or the crown prince falls out of his high chair, he hits the top column or the editor goes off to the chopping-block.



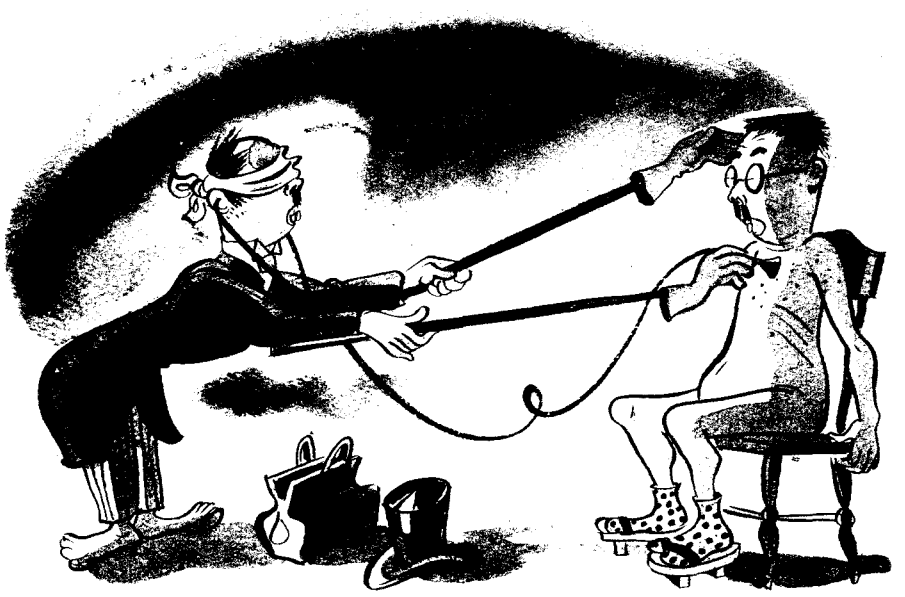
"He is a direct descendant of . . . The Sun Goddess."

The Son's bank account makes the pay of a Japanese soldier look like 30 cents (which it is). He has something like $700,000,000, which is about $10 per Japanese citizen. He also owns estates covering 6,000 square miles and some 3,000,000 acres of timberland. He is not permitted to touch money, but then he doesn't have to.

This sounds like pretty silly damn stuff, doesn't it? Ask any big Japanese butter-and-egg man or palace politico and, if he trusts you, he'll agree. Sounds silly, but it pays.

If the brass hats didn't keep up the old malarkey, Hirohito would be just another royal jerk and the higher brass would be just a bunch of drip politicians.

It's the old oil from 660 B.C. that keeps up maroon limousines in 1942.



"The emperor's physicians . . . have to be especially careful."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Laurel and Hardy have dreams like this, why can't we?

We had a dream last week. Not just an ordinary dream, but a super-colossal Hollywood job, with 10 stars, 25 featured players, sex, cheesecake, a "B" rating from the Legion of Decency, cast of a thousand, 6 script writers, a million assistant directors—and all in new high powered technicolor.

First we dreamed that we took all the producers, writers, directors and actors in Hollywood, and put them into the Army—as enlisted men. Then we took all those connected with such pictures as "Next of Kin," which is about Navy wives, "Hands of Mercy," which is about Army nurses, "They Do Not Walk Alone," which is about Army chaplains, "Remember Pearl Harbor," which is about Pearl Harbor, "WAAC," which is about the WAAC, and "Parachute Nurse," which is about God knows what—and put them into a Platoon For Special Attention.

To start off, we took the whole bunch and put them through thirteen weeks of basic training at Camp Croft. After that, we put them through three months of maneuvers—six week in Ireland, and six weeks in Hawaii. Next we threw in a month of fatigue duty with a Quartermaster outfit in Australia. Then we transported them all to the Caucasus front in South Russia, and turned them loose for a couple of days of just plain looking around. Finally we rounded them up, patted them on the back, and said, "O.K., boys. Now you can go back to Hollywood and make war pictures."

The boys then went back to Hollywood and resumed work on "Next of Kin," "Hands of Mercy," "WAAC," etc., just where they had left off—complaining loudly about the amount of time they had lost from production.

After that, for comedy relief, we dreamed of Mickey Rooney. We had been reading about the boy wonder's marital troubles with Ava Gardner, who wants to act, and we remembered his noble promise at Fort Bragg last Spring that he was about to make his entrance into the Army. We don't know what's holding him. But anyway, we dreamed that Master Rooney *was* in the Army, that he was on K.P., and that we were his mess sergeant.

First we had him wash tons of dishes by steam in a room with a measured temperature of 120 degrees. Between dishes we had him do imitations, to keep us amused while we consumed gallons of ice cream on the other side of a glass partition. After that we assigned him the task of scrubbing the garbage out of a hundred G.I. cans, while playing snatches of great moments from his great pictures. Then we sent him back to the dishes again. Posted around the walls of the wish-washing room were pictures of Lewis Stone, so that if Mickey felt the urge to break down, he could imagine he was having man-to-man talks with Judge Hardy, and would thereby be given the strength to go on.

After finishing with Brother Rooney, we got back to the original subject again, and dreamed that Louis B. Mayer was addressing a great film executives' meeting in Hollywood. "Gentlemen," said Louis, "we are making a great mistake. For twenty years we have been living in a make-believe world, and having a great time of it. We can't do that any more. We can't do that when it comes to the war. This isn't a phoney war. It's a very real war, and we've got to realize it. There are 4,000,000 men in the Army, and *they* know it's a real war. They're beginning to resent us and our phoney actions and our phoney pictures. They're beginning to resent how we set ourselves up for special privilege. When they come back, they're going to be the backbone of the motion picture public—and if they're sore at us, we're through. What do you say, boys? Let's cut it out."

With that, everybody got to his feet and said, "O.K., Louis, let's cut it out!"

Oh, well, you can't stop us from dreaming.

Aussie Town Likes Nightly Air Shows Better Than Garbo Movies

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—One little town, also somewhere in Australia, has a new form of evening entertainment. The alarm siren blows and everybody goes down to the beach to watch the air raid and root like hell for our side.

They've had three raids, with absolutely no damage, and it's more fun every time.

There was a damned good show the other night. There was only one raider, but it played to the galleries. The searchlights caught it as soon as it hove up and the show began.

The anti-aircraft fire began popping away at it to keep it high and the raider dropped its bombs in places where they couldn't hurt anything.

For the second inning, the ack-acks laid off so that two American pilots could go after the Jap. They shot up under his plane and hit his tail at the first pass.

Hit From Ground

Then the tracers from the ground got the raider and he sprouted a small fire. One of the American planes hit him again and killed or wounded the rear gunner.

The Jap dived and got away just as two more American planes entered the field.

The shows are good, say the townspeople, but the Japanese are skimpy with their talent. They won't send enough planes.

954 Reasons Why G.I.'s Shouldn't Drink Wine

BELFAST—When the G.I.'s were billeted in the old Irish castle, they were warned that the wine cellar was out of bounds. Just to make sure, the officers put padlocks on the door.

But somebody rigged up a wire hook and fished bottle after bottle out the window and they weren't caught until after the last cork was popped.

The next morning, they awoke with hangovers and found a bill for $954. Each man's pay was docked $106.

From Alaskan Al To Jungle Jolson

WILLEMSTAD, Curacao — Al Jolson, recently returned from a tour of the Alaskan bases, is now entertaining American troops in the Caribbean area.

Jolson played the island here twice in one evening. For thousands of U. S. troops, high military officials, and the island's governor, the personal appearance was the most exciting event since a Nazi sub tossed a few shells around the oil refineries on Aruba several months ago.

Tentative plans have been made for Jolson and Bob Hope to tour the Hawaiian bases. American men there have had no live entertainment lately. But Jolson has just signed a new contract returning to the airwaves in the Fall, and Hope has a number of screen commitments at the same time. This makes the chances of their turning up in Honolulu shortly a long shot.

"See what I mean about the infantry not having so many worries? All we gotta do at quitting time is wash our feet."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISS ROYCE AND HER COSTUME OF DOVES—How often does she get them cleaned and pressed?

Rosita Will Feel Chilly If Her Doves Get Drafted

MONTREAL—Rosita Royce, who does a strip tease called the "Dance of the Doves," encountered difficulty taking her concealing birds into Canada this week.

Customs officials told Miss Royce her "doves" were nothing but white pigeons and that pigeons were of wartime value and couldn't leave the U. S.

A frantic phone call to the War Department, however, got results and Miss Royce was granted permission to take her dance and "doves" to Montreal.

In a highly original statement, she declared "The show must go on."

Down Under Shows On New Frequency

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—General Electric's short wave station WGEO is beaming its daily broadcasts to the Australia-New Zealand area on a new frequency of 9650 kilocycles.

The change became necessary when it was found out that WGEO's powerful signal was blacking out talks by Yank servicemen in Australia to their parents in the U. S. These programs are shortwaved by the Australian Broadcasting Commission and rebroadcast by the Mutual network.

WGEO's frequency of 9530 kilocycles will be maintained for broadcasts to South America and Europe.

The station has also inaugurated two new features in its morning program to Australia. Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra are now carried each Wednesday from 6:30 to 7:30 A.M. (E.W.T.) in a music show especially arranged for troops. "Hawaii Calls", a program produced on Waikiki beach, is featured each Friday morning from 6:30 to 7:00 E.W.T.

War, War, Nothing But War This Year On Hollywood Lot

HOLLYWOOD—Approximately one out of every three pictures from Hollywood this year will deal with the war.

A review of 156 movies ready for release reveals that MGM, 20th Century Fox and Warner Brothers are leading in the field of war production.

How About Some Close Order Drill With This Staff Sergeant?

Two ex-assistant directors from Hollywood named Private O'Rourke and Private Mintz were having a discussion recently on the subject of non-coms. "Non-coms," said Private O'Rourke, "stink. I wouldn't have any part of any one of them."

"There is one staff sergeant," said Private Mintz, "Of whom I would like to have a very large part. With this staff sergeant, I would spend days in a fox-hole under fire."

"With this staff sargeant," continued Private Mintz dreamily, "night problems would be a pleasure."

"Who," said Private O'Rourke, "is this wonderful staff sergeant?"

"Her name," said Private Mintz, "is Wendy Barrie."

Yes, Wendy's gone and done it again. While the rest of the glamour girls of Hollywood are playing around with fancy-pants outfits, the saucy little redhead from London goes out and joins up with the Women's Ambulance and Transport Corps of California, which is the female adjunct of the California State Guard. Her platoon consists of waitresses, stenographers and extra girls. Her uniform consists of a G.I. field jacket with a plunge neckline. She gives basic training to ferry pilots, motor mechanics, parachute nurses.

When her platoon snafus on a "by the left flank — march!" she shrieks at them in a beautiful mixture of cockney and Irish cusswords. She rants, raves, reduces the avoirdupois of her gals by putting her own gorgeous torso through an alarming number of G.I. exercises. "She is," as one colonel approximately put it after watching her run the platoon through three hours of close order drill, "a son of a gun."

It is on parades, however, that

Staff Sergeant Wendy Barrie

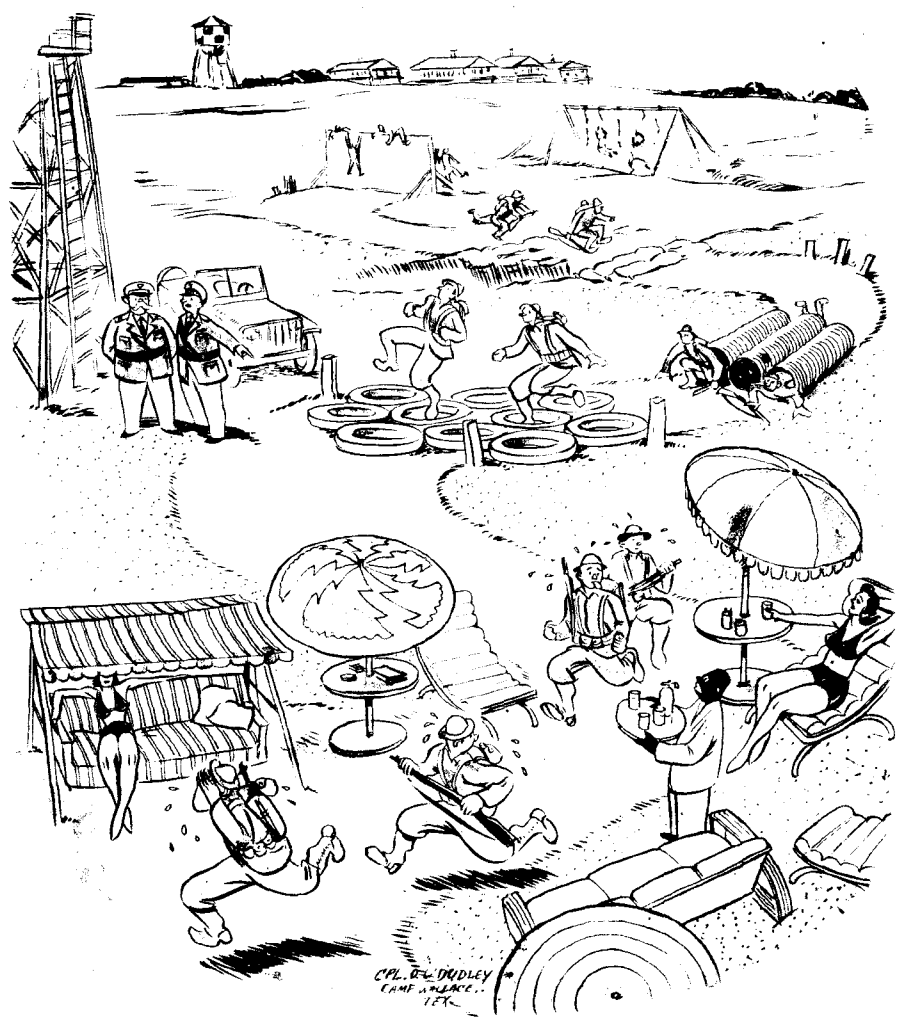
Wendy has the most trouble. G.I. soldiers can't keep their minds on marching when she is up ahead. If there is anything more distracting than a rear view of Wendy Barrie, it is a front view of Wendy Barrie. When Governor Olson reviewed the California troops recently, an AA battery almost drove through the reviewing stand. The battery commander couldn't take his eyes off the Barrie behind and forgot to give the men "column left—march!"

All this, of course, is a logical climax to the stormy Barrie career. She was born in Hong Kong, the daughter of Frank Jenkins, the Far East's most prominent lawyer. Her godfather was Sir James Barrie. At the age of twelve, she slugged a Japanese sailor who got fresh with her in Shanghai. At the age of 16, she slugged a Japanese major who got fresh with her in Yokohama. By the time she was 20, she had traveled around the world six times, and had slugged many people.

She broke into pictures in 1934, when she walked into the Savoy in London in a black satin gown, and completely upset the mental workings of Alexander Korda, who was sipping an absinthe, and generally minding his own business. Korda immediately signed her to a contract and cast her as Jane Seymour in "Henry the VIII." "She can't act," said Korda, "but what the hell."

She does make a damned fine staff sergeant.

—**Sgt. Bill Davidson**



"This last obstacle develops will power—"

Navy Mustn't Sink Own Army Any More

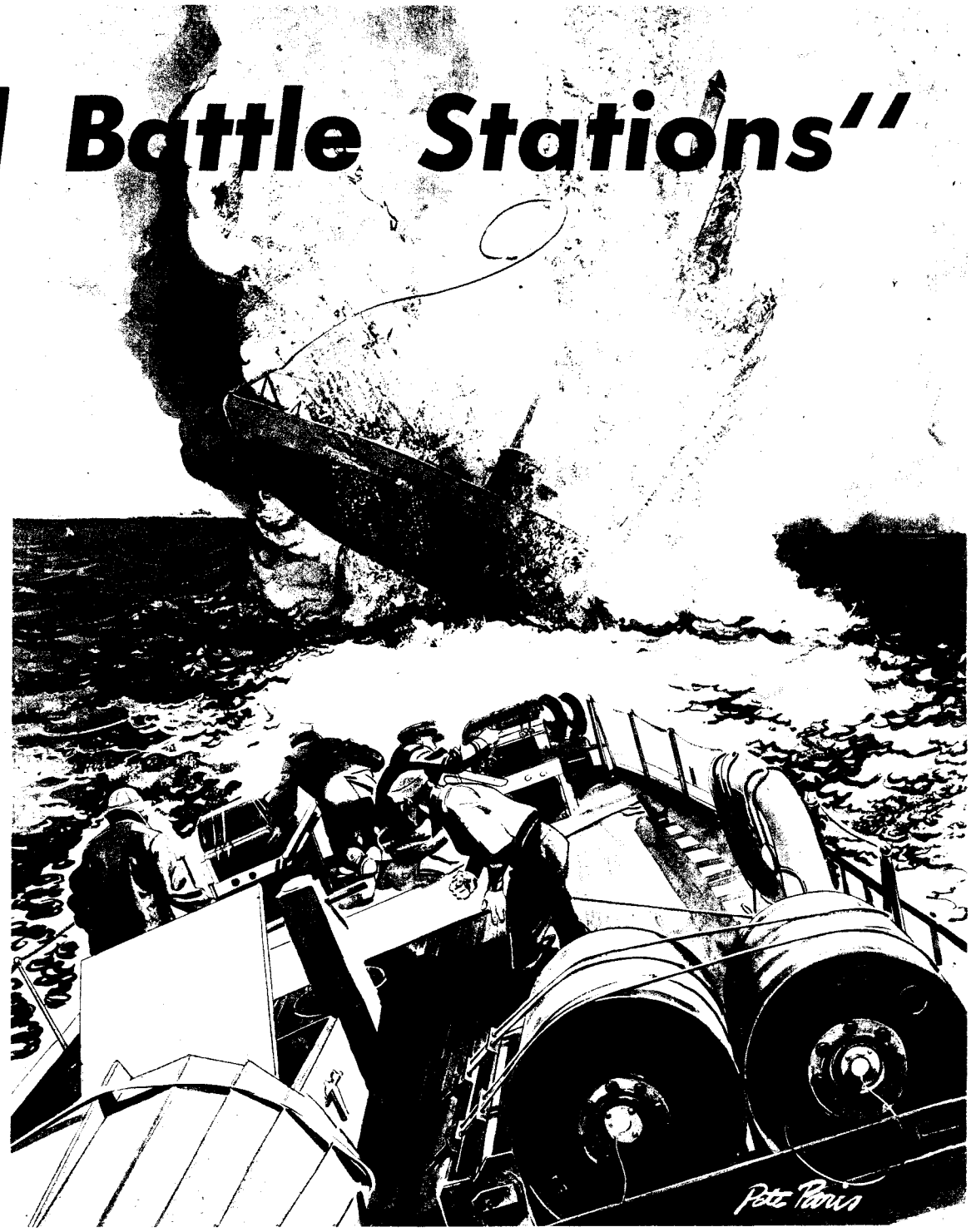
The U. S. Army has a sensitive soul. It has just complained to the Robbins Music Corporation, publisher of "Anchors Aweigh," the official Navy song, because of a line in the chorus: "Sail Navy down the field, and Sink the Army, Sink the Army Grey."

For the duration of the war this line is out. Henceforth at all Army-Navy football games midshipmen will sing instead "Until we meet once more, here's wishing you a happy voyage home."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Man All Battle Stations"

By Cpl. David M. Cleary
Yank Field Writer



CAMP BUTNER, N. C.—It was a hot night, and we three were inhaling a few beers in a cafe when he came in. He was a sailor.

Maybe it was the beer that had us in a good mood or because we hardly expected to see a sailor in a little inland Army town; or maybe it was the big grin he had on his face. Anyhow, we invited him over to our table for a beer. He wouldn't touch it; settled for a hamburger and milk instead. Said he was too young. He couldn't have been over 19 at that.

We talked of the many things service men talk about; of good times; of different cities; of women. Finally of the war and our desire to see action. Then it turned out that the kid, although he'd been in the Navy less than seven months, was more of an old-timer than any of us. He'd already been in action!

At first he was loath to talk. We had to coax him along. At last, sensing he was among friends, he began to talk. First a word or two at a time, then in a flood of words as he began to get it out of his system, he told his story.

"Don't let anybody tell you they weren't scared when they first saw the enemy," he said. "It just ain't so. When I heard the call 'Submarine Off the Starboard Bow' my heart seemed to stop. I don't remember a thing I did all during the engagement, but the old-timers told me afterwards that I had performed my duties just as I had so many times in practice.

"It seemed like an hour before the command 'Man All Battle Stations' came. It couldn't have been more than seconds; it seemed like hours in my suspense. Then I could see the sub, its periscope above the water, cutting a spray at about 15 knots.

"Moving at about 20 knots, we were coming up on our target fast. At the rate we were going we would pass within forty yards. It seemed as if the sub crew must have been asleep; she kept to her course as we pulled abreast.

"I was shaking all over. At any minute I was expecting a torpedo to ram us; it all seemed unreal, too easy. Some of the boys claim it's the excitement and not fear that makes a man tremble in action, but I think that's just a hard guy's way of covering up his weakness. I'm not afraid to admit it; I was just plain scared.

"The shakiness seemed to go away a little when we dropped our first depth charges. It returned, even worse than before, when they failed to disturb our target, which held her course like a liner on a pleasure cruise.

"We dropped two more charges and the sub suddenly put on speed to evade our deadly fire.

"Funny thing, it was that burst of speed that ended it all. We were ahead of the target by this time and our fourth charge was aimed a few yards ahead, planned to sink and then explode when the sub was directly overhead. The extra speed upset those calculations, but the result was the same. It was a direct hit!

"God! What a noise! Our own ship seemed to be thrown out of the water by the force of the explosion and the sub was broken in two, just as I might have snapped a match between my fingers. Oil and debris surfaced and churned in the turbulent sea.

"Hell, now that I look back at it, it don't seem like so much. I'll bet I won't be afraid next time. I even wish I'd been in the Midway and Coral Sea Battles. Something like that'd really be a show for a man to go through!"

We all shook hands with the kid; we were proud to know him. He'd done something.

Even after he left, we still talked and thought about him. We agreed that he was right. All of us would probably be scared to death when we first saw action. But that wouldn't make any difference. After hundreds of hours of practice, we could do our jobs subconsciously, just as he did. His story gave us a new slant on the tiresome hours of recruit training. Maybe the Army knows what it's doing, after all, when it keeps guys back here to train the rookies.

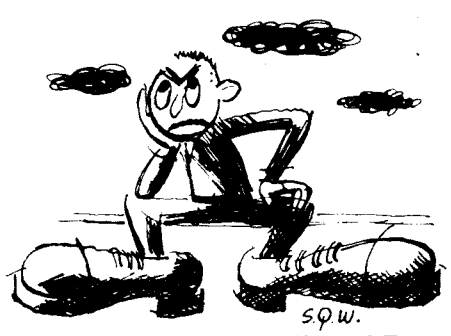
Sgt. Churchill Wins Her Wound Stripe

By Sgt. Robert Moora
Yank Staff Writer

LONDON — Winston Churchill's daughter Mary, a sergeant in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, was dancing with Pvt. Bill Adams, a U.S. Army truck driver from Grand Rapids.

The orchestra was doing as well as could be expected and so was Pvt. Adams, who is no Fred Astaire. Everything was peaceful and pleasant until Sgt. Churchill made a crack about the size of Pvt. Adams' feet.

Now Pvt. Adams doesn't have small feet. He has large feet and the shoes he puts on his large feet are Size 14 EE. A man with feet like the feet of Pvt. Adams hears a good many cracks in a lifetime. And he doesn't always enjoy them.



Sgt. Churchill couldn't be expected to know the feeling of Pvt. Adams for his feet. She simply saw two large, leather-encased objects protruding from beneath his trousers. She giggled and she made some kind of an innocent remark about violin cases and she giggled again.

Pvt. Adams didn't like the remark and he didn't like the giggle that went with it. They both rubbed him the wrong way. They offended a nature sensitive where feet were concerned. He stopped dancing then and there.

He called another truck driver, Pvt. Jack Weilland of Mitchell, S. D., over and the two of them went into a whispered consultation. They emerged from the consultation with a well-planned campaign of action.

The first thing Sgt. Churchill knew, the large hand of Pvt. Weilland had reached out, grabbed her and placed her delicately across the knees of Pvt. Adams.

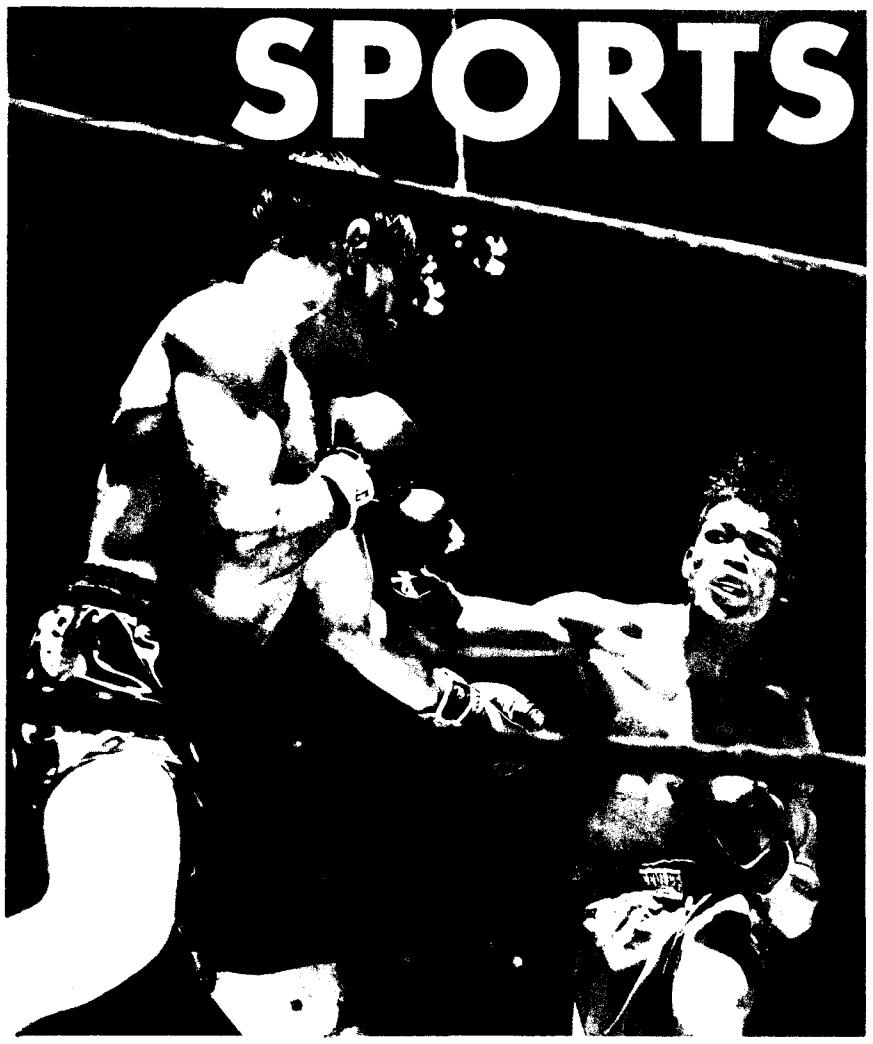
The rest of the dancers stopped. A.E.F. eyebrows rose and British jaws fell. Londoners and visiting soldiers alike deserted their communion with the dance to gape frankly at Pvts. Weilland and Adams and Sgt. Churchill. For Pvt. Adams' offended sensitivity had overflowed and the victim of the overflow was Sgt. Churchill.

Pvt. Adams, who stands six feet three, was giving the daughter of the Prime Minister a good spanking in the prominent place where good spankings are usually given. His hands rose and fell in the perfect rhythm that his 14 EE's may have lacked. Pvt. Adams' hands are not as large as Pvt. Adams' feet, but, properly applied, they proved effective.

"She seemed a little embarrassed," Adams said afterwards. "I guess it was the first time anything like that ever happened to her. But I had to put her in her place. She was just made sergeant that day and you know how non-coms are when they first get their stripes."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS



HE'S NOT SO SWEET — Ray "Sugar" Robinson, the new colored welterweight sensation, hammers Sammy Angott, the lightweight champ, on the right, to keep his undefeated ring record intact.

Zuppke Will Coach College All-Stars

CHICAGO — Bob Zuppke, head coach at Illinois for 29 years until his retirement last Fall, will take one last fling at big-time coaching when he directs the College All-Star football team against the Chicago Bears Aug. 28 at Soldiers Field.

The little Dutchman, who skyrocketed to fame in the early 20's with Red Grange and several Western Conference championship teams, will have as assistant coaches, Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, Homer Norton of Texas A. & M., Lon Stiner of Oregon State and Burt Ingwersen of Northwestern.

Faces Old Pupil

The naming of Zuppke by the All-Star committee brings a teacher-pupil aspect to the game. On the opposite side of the gridiron will be owner-coach George Halas of the Bears, who was one of Zup's best students at Illinois.

Zuppke retired from Illinois after many lean years in which he had no worthwhile material to build teams to face the powerhouses of Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio State and Northwestern, his chief rivals.

But as head of the All-Stars, it will be a different story. Zuppke will have many great players from last year's senior classes to operate his famous "flea circus" of tricks and surprises.

Fans Pick Team

More than 4,000,000 football fans, including soldiers in Iceland and Australia, participated in a ballot to select the 75 players on the college squad.

Zuppke must start the eleven leading choices of the fans but he is free to substitute at will once the game gets under way.

Here is the starting lineup for the All-Stars as chosen by the balloting:

Ends, Mal Kutner of Texas and Charles Ringer of Minnesota; Tackles, Jim Daniell of Ohio State and Al Blozis of Georgetown; Guards, Bernie Crimmins of Notre Dame and Bob Jeffries of Missouri; Center, Vincent Banonis of Detroit; Quarterback, Dick Erdlitz of Northwestern; Halfbacks, Bruce Smith of Minnesota and Steve Juzwick of Notre Dame; Fullback, Jack Graf of Notre Dame.

Jockey Rides Seven Winners In One Day

SALEM, N. H. — Willie Turnbull, 17-year-old jockey from Hot Springs, Ark., gave the Arcaros, the Longdens and the Meades a mark to shoot for last week when he rode home seven winners in one afternoon at Rockingham Park.

The tiny 90-pound apprentice began his day by riding his mount out of the money in the opener, but then he got hot, winning the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth races. He dropped a photo finish in the seventh and then wound up with winners in the eighth and ninth events.

Four of the winning mounts were short-priced favorites in the betting, but three of them were outsiders who rewarded their backers with fancy returns.

Irish Colt Slices Whirly's Bankroll

CHICAGO—Rounders, an Irish-bred three-year-old colt from Emerson F. Woodward's Valdina Farms, outsprinted the great Whirlaway down the home stretch to win the $25,000 added Arlington Handicap before a crowd of 30,000.

Carrying only 103 pounds to Whirlaway's top impost of 130, the 5 to 1 shot took the lead at the start of the race and led all the way, covering the distance in 2:04. Staretor, second to Whirlaway in the 1941 Kentucky Derby, was third.

Whirlaway, piloted by Eddie Arcaro, was last, as usual, for most of the way on the soggy track but came up strong going into the last turn, and was almost neck and neck with Rounders. The Irish colt pulled away in the stretch to win by three and one-half lengths.

The victory netted Rounders $22,000 and added $4,000 to Whirlaway's earnings, which now total $449,336.

HARRIS RETIRES

MINNEAPOLIS—Sig Harris, assistant football coach at the University of Minnesota, has retired after 40 years as a player and coach.

"Sugar" Asks Ring Rivals If They'll Take One or Two Lumps—on the Chin

NEW YORK—They call Ray Robinson, the 21-year-old welterweight star from Harlem, "Sugar," but he doesn't act sweet in the ring. Most likely, he got the name because he's always raising one or two lumps around somebody's eye or jaw.

The young colored sensation is easily the best fighter to appear around here since Henry Armstrong was in his prime. When he outclassed Sammy Angott, the lightweight champion, at the Garden July 31, Robinson's string of consecutive triumphs since he turned pro last October reached the startling figure of 33.

Before that, as an amateur, the colored boy with the long arms and light, tap-dancing feet won 89 straight bouts, including more Golden Glove featherweight and lightweight titles than you could shake a stick at.

Even Cpl. Joe Louis didn't come up with a record like that.

Robinson has beaten Angott twice and has knocked out Fritzie Zivic but he hasn't been able to get a shot at Sailor Red Cochrane, the welterweight champion. The boxing commission can't force Cochrane to take on the colored menace as long as the champ is in the Navy.

Cochrane wanted to fight Robinson over-the-weights with the title not at stake but Ray couldn't put on that much poundage.

Meanwhile, "Sugar" is taking on anyone who will meet him. His next engagement will be at the Garden, Aug. 20 with Reuben Shank, the Denver toughie who recently stopped Armstrong's attempt to make a comeback.

ARMY ALL-STARS BEAT AUSTRALIAN BASEBALL TEAM—This picture, taken in Melbourne, July 4, just arrived in the U.S., showing the Army All-Stars who celebrated Independence Day by beating the Victoria All Stars before a crowd of 5,000 spectators. Notice the overcoats in the background. The Fourth of July comes in the middle of the Australian winter and it wasn't baseball weather, but that didn't bother Pvt. Johnny Lund, the tobacco-chewing Yank pitcher from Portland, Ore., who allowed only three hits and struck out nine Aussies.

Henrich Will Need Furlough To See Yankees In Series

NEW YORK—Tommy Henrich, slugging right fielder of the New York Yankees expects to be inducted into the Army in September, before the World Series. George Selkirk will replace him in the lineup.

The Yankees optioned Tuck Stainback to Newark, leaving them with just four outfielders, but probably will recall Stainback in September for the final weeks of the pennant race and the World Series.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: G. I.'S GIVE YALE ITS GREATEST FOOTBALL TEAM OF ALL TIME

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

The University of Tennessee is very busy this month, putting together a great football team at Yale.

That sentence sounds as though your correspondent was trying to get a Section Eight discharge but I am willing to swear upon a stack of officer candidate school applications that every word of it is the truth.

Besides, your correspondent wouldn't need to stoop to such low tactics for a Section Eight. The Army has been offering me one ever since the day at Fort Bragg when the first sergeant caught me running dental floss between the teeth of my pack artillery mule so that I wouldn't become infected with hay fever in case she bit me.

It's The Old Army Game

Since then the Army has been continually offering me a free one-way trip home with a medical officer to cut up my food for me on the train. But I don't want to wear civilian clothes because I understand you can't buy a suit now with cuffs on the pants.

"Why do you need cuffs on your pants?" they always ask when I report for sick call.

"Where else can I put my cigarette ashes?" I retort, with a broad smile.

This is all very interesting stuff I am telling you but it doesn't explain why the University of Tennessee is putting together a great football team at Yale.

Well, the whole thing is a new version of the old Army game. The Army is picking two all-Star football teams from the ranks to play a series of games against National League professional elevens in the West and East during September for the benefit of the relief fund.

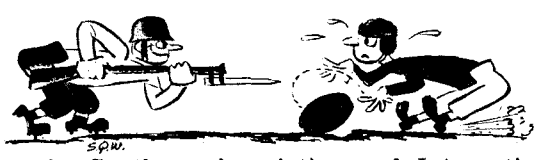
Major Wallace Wade is handling the Western platoon and Col. Bob Neyland is in charge of the Eastern squad. The War Department told Neyland he could run his Eastern All-Stars strictly his own way.

Even the Trainer, Too

The colonel knows only one way to run a football team and that's the way he ran his University of Tennessee elevens to the Rose Bowl in 1939 and the Sugar Bowl in 1940. So the first thing he did was to give his Eastern Army All-Stars as much Tennessee flavor as possible.

As assistant coaches, he selected Herman Hickman, Lieut. Bob Woodruff and Murray Warmath, all Tennessee graduates. The team physician will be Captain Robert G. Brashear, a former Knoxville bone specialist, who, by some strange coincidence, used to be Tennessee's football doctor.

And who do you suppose the Eastern Army All-Stars will have as a trainer and water-bucket carrier? Three guesses. An old baseball trainer



from the Southern Association and International League named Mickey O'Brien, who was Neyland's adhesive tape expert at Tennessee.

Just to make the picture complete, the manager of the Vol Rose Bowl and Sugar Bowl elevens in 1939 and 1940, Lieut. Bob Eldridge, will serve as the manager of the All-Stars.

Straight Power Machine

There is no truth to the rumor that the squad will wear Orange and White jerseys, exactly like a certain university in a nameless Southern mountain state. The color of the jerseys has not yet been announced.

All this seems to indicate that the Army in the East won't go in heavily for razzle-dazzle. Neyland is an officer in the Corps of Engineers who believes that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and he never approved forward passes and Fancy Dan reverses when a good old fashioned off-tackle smash with hard blocking would do just as well.

The first four players ordered to go on special football duty with Neyland's detail were picked especially for a Tennessee style power machine. They are all big and rough—Cpl. Ben Kish of the 9th Division at Fort Bragg described by Jock Sutherland as the best quarterback Pitt ever had; Lieut. Mike Gussie from Camp Rooker, Ala.; Cpl. John Mellus from Camp Davis, N. C., and Pvt. Nick Basca from Pine Camp, N. Y., both stars under Clipper Smith at Villanova.

All four have had plenty of pro experience, Kish and Gussie with the Dodgers, Mellus with the

Cpl. Ben Kish, former Pitt star, will call Army All-Star signals

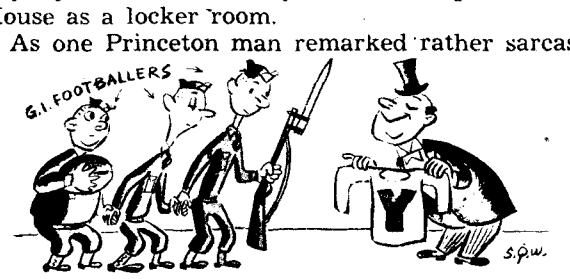
Giants and Basca with the Philadelphia Eagles. And there are more like them, including, of course, three Tennessee grads, all lieutenants now, Sam Bartholomew, Abe Shires and Len Coffman.

Neyland probably wanted to assemble his team on the old campus at Knoxville but their schedule opens with the Giants at the Polo Grounds, Sept. 12. So he decided to select a location nearer New York and made arrangements for the squad to train at Yale University in New Haven.

Tennessee-Army Good Team

The soldiers will stand reveille each morning within the shadow of the Yale Bowl. They'll be quartered in a luxurious wing of the Payne Whitney Gymnasium, and they'll use the Lapham Field House as a locker room.

As one Princeton man remarked rather sarcas-



tically when he heard about it, "Well that's one way for Yale to get a good football team."

And that's why they're saying the University of Tennessee is very busy this month, putting together a great football team at Yale.

But it's good news. The Army and Tennessee were always a winning combination. Didn't Andrew Jackson and Alvin York come from there?

Grove Doesn't Sigh For Major Leagues

LONACONING, Md.—Lefty Grove is spending the summer at home for the first time in 23 years and he doesn't miss baseball a bit.

The great southpaw hasn't seen or listened to a ball game since he retired from the Red Sox last December. Occasionally, he drops into his pool room and bowling alley, "Lefty's Place," but he passes most of the day in his vegetable garden, tending corn, peas and tomatoes.

Or fishing or hunting with his two affectionate dogs, King Alfred and Jif Alfonso.

Doesn't Miss Hotel Lobbies

"It feels great not to go through all that traveling," he says. "Far as I can see now, I'm going to stay away from baseball but maybe next year I'll feel a little different."

Grove had an offer to manage Trenton in the Interstate League but turned it down because he thinks the future of minor leagues in wartime isn't reliable.

Sewall Was Tough

The immortal pitcher is 42 now but in fine condition. Looking back over his long major league career, he thinks the toughest batter he ever faced wasn't DiMaggio, Ruth or Gehrig. It was Joe Sewall, who used to play shortstop for Cleveland.

This Western Maryland mountain town, once a hotbed of baseball enthusiasts, has completely lost interest in the game since Lefty retired. Even the amateur nine has folded up. But the scores are still posted in his pool room every night.

And like everybody else, Grove thinks the Yankees and the Dodgers will be in the World Series again.

Cubs Get Nashville Ace

NASHVILLE, Tenn. — Bob (Dutch) McCall, 21-year-old Nashville pitcher who was an outfielder until three months ago, has been sold to the Chicago Cubs. He will report to the Cubs at the close of the Southern Association season.

TEXAS LEAGUE
(Aug. 3)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Beaumont	66	43	.606	Houston	58	52	.527
Ft. Worth	61	52	.540	Tulsa	59	57	.509
San Antonio	61	52	.540	Okla. City	44	71	.383
Shreveport	61	53	.535	Dallas	41	71	.366

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE
(Aug. 3)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Newark	66	42	.611	Baltimore	54	55	.495
Jersey City	57	49	.538	Syracuse	55	57	.491
Toronto	56	53	.514	Buffalo	53	58	.477
Montreal	56	56	.500	Rochester	43	70	.381

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION
(Aug. 3)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Little Rock	63	47	.573	New Orleans	57	54	.514
Nashville	62	53	.539	Birmingham	55	57	.491
Atlanta	59	55	.518	Chattanooga	52	61	.460
Memphis	58	54	.518	Knoxville	45	70	.391

LEAGUE LEADERS
(As of Aug. 3)

BATTING

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	PC.
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Williams, Boston	101	355	89	123	.346
Gordon, New York	96	355	54	121	.341
Wright, Chicago	64	221	35	74	.335
Spence, Washington	100	423	64	140	.331
Doerr, Boston	95	365	45	119	.326
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Reiser, Brooklyn	87	341	71	117	.343
Lombardi, Boston	77	214	22	72	.336
Medwick, Brooklyn	97	378	52	124	.328
Slaughter, St. Louis	98	383	63	122	.319
Musial, St. Louis	87	290	58	92	.317

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	24	Mize, Giants	19
Laabs, Browns	19	Ott, Giants	16
DiMaggio, Yanks	16	Camilli, Dodgers	16
Keller, Yanks	16		

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	101	Mize, Giants	75
DiMaggio, Yanks	76	Medwick, Dodgers	73
Stephens, Br'ns	74	Slaughter, Cards	67

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're Tired of Dodger Headlines

CARDS MISS DOUBLE PLAY—Jimmy Brown, the St. Louis second baseman, did a swan dive and dropped the ball as Mel Ott, Manager of the Giants, slid into the bag safely at the Polo Grounds. But the Cards won, 3 to 1.

This Time They Equal Great Winning Record of 1913 Giants

NEW YORK—As major league baseball teams battled each other and the early August heat, everyone had already conceded the New York Yankees another American League pennant and only Manager Billy Southworth of the Cardinals had any wishful thoughts about overhauling the Dodgers in the National League.

The Dodgers are heading for one of the best won and lost records in the history of the National League. When they won their 70th game of the season from the Cubs on July 30, they had only 29 defeats behind them to become the first team to bat out a .700 average at the 100-game mark since John McGraw's Giants of 1913 did the trick.

Southworth Has Hopes

The Cardinals had their chance to cut down the Bums' lead when they invaded Ebbets Field for a three-game series, but instead they dropped two of the contests and dropped down further. When the Red Birds limped out of Brooklyn into the Bronx, they were nine games behind their bitter rivals.

Southworth pins the Cardinals' hopes on the possibility that the Dodgers may hit a slump soon. St. Louis is still strong, as its record will show. They've lost 21 of their 38 defeats by a margin of one run and only ten of them by more than two runs.

With the Yankees, it's the same old story. The world champions had a mediocre week, winning only four out of eight games, but none of their rivals could take up slack and close the gap.

The Indians had the best record of any team with four victories in seven games to take over undisputed possession of second place, but they are still 12½ games off the Yankee pace.

Biggest news in the American League was the continued rise—slow but steady—of Joe DiMaggio's batting average. The Yankee Clipper passed the .300 mark for the first time this season and may yet finish among the leading five batsmen in the league.

Browns Draw Crowds

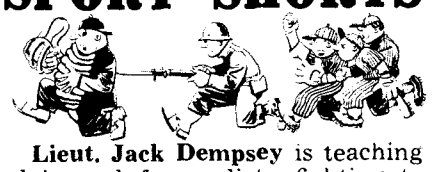
Another interesting development of the week was the crowd of better than 15,000 that watched the Yankees at St. Louis. This was the biggest crowd in years that has paid its way to watch the Browns at home.

However, Luke Sewell's team couldn't keep up their spectacular streak and dropped six out of eight in the Yankee series to fall five games behind third place and 18 behind the champions.

Boston showed signs of snapping its slump by winning four out of six games until the Tigers handed the Sox two set-backs at the close of its western trip.

The third place battle between Cincinnati and New York in the National League continued close with the Giants picking up a half game, only one behind the Reds.

SPORT SHORTS



Lieut. Jack Dempsey is teaching plain and fancy dirty fighting to Manhattan Beach Coach Guard recruits so they'll be able to handle any would-be saboteurs who land on our shores. The Old Manassa Mauler has his pupils doing plenty of road work for conditioning and

Lieut. Dempsey times an obstacle run

has lost 20 pounds himself. With his crew haircut and thin waist line, he looks like the Dempsey of old. . . . Add new yardbird brothers: **Booker Beckworth**, 22-year-old Chicago light heavy; **Johnny Schmitz**, Cubs' southpaw, and **John Hubbell**, brother of "Meal Ticket" Carl and a pitcher in his own right.

Privates **Jackie Wilson** and **Kid McCoy**, ranking welterweight contenders, have been transferred from Camp Upton to Mitchel Field where they are on the boxing team. . . . Racing's contribution to the Service Relief Funds has been $1,162,935.50 and is expected to reach the $2,000,000 goal set by the Turf Committee of America. . . . **Chief Boatswain's Mate Paul Christman**, the "Pitchin' Paul" of Missouri all-American football fame, has been transferred out of Great Lakes and will not be available for the Naval Station's grid team. . . . **Lieut. Auggie Bossu**, former Notre Dame guard, is head coach of Fort Monmouth's eleven.

Ben Chapman, who saw service with five of the eight American League baseball clubs, is doing a swell job as player-manager of the Richmond Colts in the Class B Piedmont League. In addition to his managerial duties, Chapman has found time to compile a .350 batting average and play every position on the team except short stop. He even hurled a four-hit shutout one day when he couldn't find a starting pitcher. . . . **Paul Moose**, manager of Billy Soose, has followed his fighter into the Navy as a chief specialist. . . .

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS

CHICAGO—Seymour Greenberg of Chicago added the Western tennis title to his National Clay Courts championship. . . . Sixteen-year-old Walter Hudson won the Illinois State skeet shoot contest with a score of 99, best mark in several years. . . . Taft Wright, White Sox outfielder and recent bridegroom, is headed for the Army. . . . Friends and fans honored Satchell Paige, the great Negro pitcher, with a day at Wrigley Field.

RICHMOND, Va.—With Head Coach Riley Smith and his assistants, Art Lewis, Cookie Cunningham and Jack Hennemeier all in the Navy, Washington & Lee is shopping for a new grid staff. . . . Margaret Anderson of Country Club retained her city tennis title by defeating Elizabeth Warren in a close match, 4-6, 6-0, 7-5.

BOSTON—Ed Doherty, public relations man for the Red Sox, is a lieutenant in the Navy. . . . Ted Bishop and Ernie Systrom of Woodland won the Jaques Cup golf honors with a 3 and 2 victory over Johnny Chew and Howard Paul of the Country Club. . . . Ed Rafalko, all-scholastic end from Stoughton High, is a plebe at West Point.

CINCINNATI—John J. Abbate won the annual two-mile A. A. U. walking race from a large field in record time. . . . Ruth Fries defeated Jean Sears for the Ridgewood Country Club women's title.

DALLAS—Ben Collins, West Texas State Teachers football star, has enlisted in an officers' training class of the Marine Corps. . . . Glen Maloney of Commerce won the fifth annual invitational golf tournament at the Sulphur Springs Country Club.

NEW ORLEANS—The St. Louis Cardinals' annual baseball school here attracted only 75 boys, a great fall off from attendance of other years. Reason is the large enlistment of local boys, 17 to 23, in the armed forces. . . . Ralph Wenzel, star end for Tulane in 1939, will return to active football again this fall with the Pittsburgh Steelers of the National Pro League.

DETROIT—Hal Newhouser, young southpaw hurling star for the Tigers, was put into Class 4F by Army physicians. . . . Don Sperry of Flint won the Michigan Open skeet shoot title. . . . Jess Carson of the Opticians performed an iron-man stunt in pitching a double-header victory for his team to get it into the Class B eliminations of the Detroit Baseball Federation.

SAN FRANCISCO—Walter Mails, former hurler for the Cleveland Indians and publicity man for the San Francisco Seals, has enlisted in the Marine Corps despite his age of 48.

ATLANTA—Baseball fans can cash in on balls hit into the stands of the Atlanta park for the rest of the season. President Earl Mann has ordered baseballs stamped in values from 25 cents to $50. Fans can turn them in for bonds or stamps at the value marked.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF AUGUST 3)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	8	13	6	11	15	9	10	72	30	.706	—
St. Louis	8	—	5	13	6	8	11	11	62	38	.620	9
Cincinnati	5	6	—	7	8	4	14	10	54	47	.535	17½
New York	5	6	10	—	10	10	7	6	54	49	.524	18½
Pittsburgh	4	4	3	7	—	5	10	12	45	53	.459	25
Chicago	4	4	6	8	7	—	8	11	48	57	.457	25½
Boston	2	6	4	5	6	10	—	10	43	63	.406	31
Phila.	2	4	6	3	5	5	4	—	29	70	.293	41½
Lost	30	38	47	49	53	57	63	70	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Cleveland	Boston	St. Louis	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	11	7	12	10	13	9	8	70	33	.680	—
Cleveland	6	—	7	6	5	8	12	15	59	47	.557	12½
Boston	4	9	—	8	12	9	9	6	57	46	.553	13
St. Louis	6	6	9	—	5	8	8	12	54	53	.505	18
Detroit	7	8	6	7	—	6	7	10	51	55	.481	20½
Chicago	5	3	7	4	5	—	10	9	43	55	.439	24½
Wash'ton	1	5	4	10	10	4	—	7	41	61	.402	28½
Phila.	4	5	6	6	8	7	6	—	42	67	.385	31
Lost	33	47	46	53	55	55	61	67	—	—		

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
(Aug. 3)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Los Angeles	76	46	.623	San Francisco	60	62	.492
Sacramento	73	51	.589	Oakland	57	67	.460
Seattle	65	57	.533	Hollywood	54	70	.435
San Diego	63	61	.508	Portland	43	77	.358

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

START. "Somewhere in the Caribbean," the crew of a U. S. Army bomber, forced down in the jungle, launches rubber life rafts for the journey back to civilization. The crew of nine, and the Yank correspondent who took these pictures, fought their way through the jungle for two days before reaching this stream.

FINISH. Shortly after Yank's Sgt. Ed Cunningham took this picture of Pvt. Morris Pennington sleeping the sleep of the exhausted in a rubber life raft, the entire party was picked up by a river boat that made the run only once a month. For more photographs made by Sgt. Cunningham, turn to pages 5, 6 and 7.

ESCAPE FROM THE JUNGLE

See story on page 5

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED